

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 2, 1959

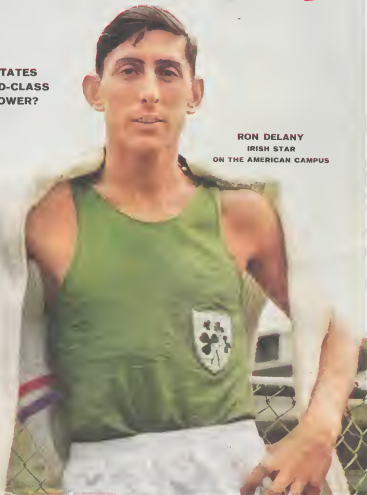
*America's National Sports Weekly*

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

**IS THE  
UNITED STATES  
A SECOND-CLASS  
TRACK POWER?**

**RON DELANY**  
IRISH STAR  
ON THE AMERICAN CAMPUS



STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART:

# FOULARD RED IN MCGREGOR VALENTINES

The collage features four photographs of men in various shirts, arranged around a central illustration. The central illustration depicts a man and a woman in a romantic pose, framed by a large red heart. The man is wearing a patterned shirt, and the woman is wearing a red top. The background of the collage is white.

**AUTOMATEK IRADAC VISA VERSA**  
\$17.95

**SUNKIDE**  
\$6.95

**AQUA NYN**  
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**PORTOFINO**  
\$6.95

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**AUTOMATEK IRADAC VISA VERSA** Jacket reverses from poplin to foulard. 65% Dacron-35% cotton wash 'n' wear. \$17.95

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**PRIMATE FOULARD** "His and Hers" wash 'n' wear shirts in tiny Foulards, many colors. Men's long sleeve \$5.95, short sleeve \$5.00. Women's short sleeve only \$5.00.

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# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



Cover: Ron Delany ▶

Athletes like this Irish ruler-turned U.S. world leader-ship on track. For two clock- ing seasons about our ability to meet the challenge turn to Tex Maule's story on page 34.

Photograph by Richard Meek

## Next week

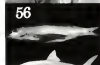


▶ Richard Meek photographs in color the sometimes brilliant, sometimes honey-spectacle of winter fun amidst the impressive snow-coated beauty of the Colorado Rockies.

▶ From Santiago, capital of Chile, Basketball Editor Jeremiah Tax reports on the big games and big disputes that took place in the world amateur basketball championship.

▶ Whether the America's Cup® Carleton Mitchell reviews the season of last summer's races and looks ahead to a new era of competition for international yachters.

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*Photographed at Whiteface Mountain, N. Y.*

## Two for the Snow

An eminent authority has opined that the pursuit of leisure is rapidly becoming the dominant characteristic of our age. We have no philosophical comment to append, except perhaps to observe tritely that this is nice work if you can get it.

We mention this because it has an important bearing upon our work. This, generally, is in the field of personal financial planning. Investing productively and prudently is an important phase, and an investment portfolio needs continuing, on-the-spot attention. Our Trust Company has the facilities, the experience, and the trained personnel to do the job properly.

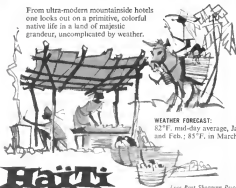
If you really want to enjoy your leisure, or if you're just too busy to cope with your securities, our Investment Advisory Service is made-to-order for you. We strongly suggest that you write for a copy of "HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR INVESTMENTS."

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# Haiti Sketchbook

From ultra-modern mountainside hotels one looks out on a primitive, colorful native life in a land of majestic grandeur, uncomplicated by weather.



WEATHER FORECAST:  
82°F, mid-day average, Jan.  
and Feb.; 85°F, in March

## Haiti

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At the local point of 5 air routes, on most Caribbean cruise itineraries.  
Panama SS Line from New York; SS Evangeline from Miami.

## EASTERN SQUASH

The schedule of the leading tournaments through April

### FEBRUARY

- 2 Delaware State Singles, Wilmington Country Club, Wilmington, Del.
- 2-13 Metropolitan S.R.A. Singles, University Club, New York
- 6-16 Massachusetts State Singles, Union Boat Club, Boston.
- 7-8 Atlantic Coast Singles, Chatham-Hudson Hall, Atlantic City, N.J.
- 7-14 Rochester City Singles, Rochester
- 10-16 Pennsylvania State Singles, Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia.
- 14 Maryland State Singles, University Club, Baltimore.
- 14-15 Charles J. Harby Singles, Apawames Club, Rye, N.Y.
- 14-15 Connor Cup, Hartford Golf Club, Hartford, Conn.
- 16 Delaware State Doubles, Wilmington Country Club, Wilmington.
- 21-23 National Singles, Veterans and Team, Harvard Club, Boston
- 24 Metropolitan S.R.A. Doubles, Mer. 6
- Marquet & Tennis Club, Union Club, New York.
- 27 Mary New Singles, University Mer. 1 Club, Washington, D.C.
- 27 Massachusetts State Doubles, Mer. 6 Harvard Club, Boston.

### MARCH

- 2-7 Buffalo S.R.A. Doubles, Tennis & Squash Club, Buffalo.
- 2-8 Pennsylvania State Doubles, Cynwyd Club, Philadelphia
- 4 Maryland State Doubles, University Club, Baltimore.
- 6-8 National Intercollegiate Singles, Princeton University, Princeton.
- 7-8 Lapham Cup Singles, Granite Club, Radminton & Racquet Club, Toronto, Canada.
- 7-8 Invitation Open Doubles, Heights Casino, Brooklyn.
- 14-15 Invitational Doubles, University Club, Baltimore.
- 14-16 Pittsburgh City Doubles, Pittsburgh Golf Club, Pittsburgh
- 15-30 District of Columbia Singles, Pentagon Officers Club, Washington.
- 20-28 Pennsylvania State Mixed Doubles, Philadelphia Cricket Club.
- 21 Rhode Island State Singles, Agawam Hunt Club, Providence.
- 21-22 National Doubles, Tennis & Squash Club, Buffalo.
- 30 Invitation Mixed Doubles, Apr. 8 Germantown Cricket Club, Philadelphia.



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Treat yourself to a holiday in colorful Québec! The foreign flavor's here, just right. Quaint, winding streets—upholstered by sleigh—“poke-around” shops, and the gay social center, Château Frontenac. Enjoy snow sports, chef's cuisine, old-

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# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

Although many of the nation's college basketball players deserted the boards for the books and midyear exams, there were some who managed to keep the round ball bouncing. Auburn stretched its all-winning streak to 24 and Michigan State rose to the top of the Big Ten, but St. Bonaventure was among the less fortunate and found itself bumped from the unbeaten ranks.

## THE EAST

While the Ivies contented themselves with a couple of nonleague skirmishes (Dartmouth beat Springfield 70-65, and Cornell lost to Creighton 64-63), St. John's continued to enjoy its return to prominence in the East. The Redmen were never sharper than when they ran over St. Francis of Brooklyn 91-44, and the sharpest of all was Guard Gus Alifiri, a heavy, hard-driving 210-pounder who claims, "I only shoot when the other club gives me too much room." Alifiri found all the room he needed, took 10 shots from the field and made them all and added three for three from the foul line for the first of night most players dream about but only a rare few achieve.

St. Francis of Loretto, Pa., caught St. Bonaventure away from home and used its rebounding skill to send the Bonnies sladdling to their first defeat 92-81 after nine straight victories. Villanova beat Drexel 62-46, found Providence Sophomore John Egan, who scored 25 points, more than it could handle and finally bowed in the Friars 50-38 after four frantic overtime periods.

## THE SOUTH

Kentucky sat out the week in the classrooms, but Auburn put its shuffling offense to the test twice and paddled the nation's longest major-college winning streak with victories over Georgia Tech 65-59 and Georgia 81-61. SEC-hopeful Mississippi State, beaten only by Auburn, ventured out once and had little trouble downing Murray State 63-48 as Bailey Howell scored 35 points.

The ACC was idle, but VMI put another damper on Virginia Tech's Southern Conference hopes, upsetting the young challengers 81-78, while West Virginia barely edged Western Kentucky 74-72 in a nonleague game. Eastern Kentucky, Ohio Valley cellar-dweller last year, beat Tennessee Tech 81-75 and Morehead State 85-67 to move into first place. Tennessee A&I, with 28 straight, and Belmont Abbey, with 22 in a row, were also clamoring for attention.

## THE MIDWEST

Illinois' Harry Combes, only Big Ten coach to resist the zone this season, came out four-square against this most aggravating of all defenses, but was candid enough to admit, "If I thought I could win by using it, I would."

Michigan State's Ferdie Anderson couldn't care less; his Spartans picked apart Ohio State and Minnesota zones and rumbled to the top of the Big Ten. Ferdie's solution: he merely had Bob Anderson shoot holes in the zone from outside while hassling Johnny Green cleaned up inside. The result: State beat Ohio State 92-77 and Minnesota 81-70. But Anderson, aware of Northwestern's 99-86 overtime win over Iowa and the challenge of Illinois and Michigan, was realistic: "We're ahead now, but this race is just getting started."

Cincinnati, fast-breaking almost out of range of the national TV cameras, got 38 points from Oscar Robertson and ran Xavier into the boards 92-66; Colorado rallied to overhaul Iowa State 73-64 and tie Kansas and Nebraska for second in the Big Eight. West State's Mid-American bubble burst with losses to Bowling Green 68-59 and Marshall 84-81, and the Flames gave way to Miami of Ohio, an easy 91-77 winner over Western Michigan; Little Rockville clobbered Marquette 105-65 for its 36th straight.

## THE SOUTHWEST

Making up for its lack of height (an average 6 foot 1) with a slashing fast break and deft shooting, Oklahoma City ran rings around TCU's big men and hounded them into a 75-65 defeat. Meanwhile, Baylor continued on the rise in the SWC,



**ARMLOCK** by West's Texman grounds Bill Russell as Bob Pettit drives for layup in pro All-Star game, won by West 124-108.

raking over last-place Texas 62-51 and prompting unhappy Longhorn Coach Marshall Hughes to announce his resignation, effective at the end of the season.

## THE WEST

Explosive Utah, which has shattered the theory that a team without at least one shining star cannot be a winner, continued to make a shambles of the Skyline race. For the fourth time in a row, the hefty Utes got involved in a tight game for a half, then came late, with a basket-popping exhibition; the time they left contender Brigham Young gasping and a 70-56 loss.

Rocky Mountain rivals, hard-pressed to stop six-time champion Idaho State, took heart when five Bengals, including leading scorer John Brehm, found themselves unable to defend a course called Education 77 and were promptly declared ineligible.

## THE PROS

Boston's Red Auerbach, who had glibly predicted, "The East will win because we have more pride," found himself ruefully admitting on his own words after the West outman, outshot and outscored his "proud" Easterners 124-108 in the annual NBA All-Star game at Detroit. The abundant talents of St. Louis' Bob Pettit and Cliff Hagan proved to be too much for Boston's Bill Russell, who found himself boxed, battered and bumped beneath the boards over others, while Elgin Baylor, Minneapolis' splendid rookie, tore the East defense apart with his two-handed jump-shots, slippery body movements and general all-round magnificence. Not even the delectable hand magic of Boston's Bob Cousy could curb the hot-headed Westerners and, when it was all done with, Pettit (25 points) and Baylor (24 points) were voted co-winners of the game's most-valuable-player award.

## THE NATION'S BEST

THE EAST	1 St. John's (12-1)
	2 Villanova (12-2)
	3 St. Bonaventure (8-1)
THE SOUTH	1 North Carolina (10-1)
	2 Kentucky (14-1)
	3 Auburn (13-0)
THE MIDWEST	1 Kansas State (13-1)
	2 Cincinnati (11-2)
	3 Michigan State (10-2)
THE SOUTHWEST	1 Oklahoma City (12-2)
	2 TCU (11-4)
	3 Texas A&M (12-3)
THE WEST	1 California (10-4)
	2 St. Mary's (10-4)
	3 Utah (12-4)

# COMING EVENTS

January 30 to February 5  
ALTIMA E & Z

★ Also features ★ Tributes ★ Veterans section

## Friday, January 30

**BASKETBALL** (college)  
North Carolina vs. Clemson at Charlotte, N.C.  
North Carolina State vs. South Carolina at Charlotte, N.C.  
William & Mary vs. West Virginia at Norfolk, Va.

**BOXING**  
★ Anthony vs. Vargas, light heavier, 10 rds., Mad.  
★ Ray Gardner, New York, 10 p.m. (NBT)

**SKATING**  
Natl. Figure Skating Champs., Rochester (through Feb. 1)

## Saturday, January 31

**BASKETBALL**  
March of Dimes Major League Dodge Tournament, St. Petersburg, Fla.

**BASKETBALL** (college)  
Arkansas at Vanderbilt  
★ Colorado at Kansas, 7 p.m. (NBT)  
Florida at Kentucky  
★ Minnesota at Ohio State, Big Ten Regional, Eugene, Ore., 6 p.m.  
★ North Carolina vs. South Carolina at Charlotte, N.C.  
North Carolina State vs. Clemson at Charlotte, N.C.  
Southwestern at Michigan State  
St. John's at Loyola Ill.  
South Dakota State at Kansas State  
Texas A&M at Texas Tech, Mid-American (Tulsa at Omaha)  
West Virginia at George Washington  
Wichita at Cincinnati

**BOXING**  
Lipton Cup, Southern Ocean Race, Miami

**GOAL SHOTS**  
Eastern Golf Club, Boston, also Feb. 1

**GOAL**  
★ Adonis, New York, 10 p.m. (NBT)  
★ New York at Toronto

**HOUSE RACING**  
Detroit at Boston, 2 p.m. (CBS)  
New York at Toronto

**HOUSE RACING**  
Santa Ana at Monterey, 8:00 p.m., Santa Ana, Calif., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)  
Furber (Monterey at Santa Ana)

**HOUSE RACING**  
Bongers (at Houston, 8:00 p.m., Houston, 4:30 p.m. (NBT)  
Furber (at Houston, 8:00 p.m., Houston, 4:30 p.m. (NBT)

**TRACK & FIELD**  
Milwaukee Golden Mile, St. Garden, New York

## Sunday, February 1

**BASKETBALL** (pro)  
★ Detroit at Milwaukee  
Detroit at St. Louis  
Philadelphia at New York

**BOXING**  
★ Michigan at Boston, 10 p.m. (NBT)

**HOUSE RACING**  
Detroit at New York  
Monterey at Chicago  
Toronto at Boston

**HOUSE RACING**  
Chicago at Montreal  
Detroit at Boston, 2 p.m. (CBS)  
New York at Toronto

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# SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

## faces in the crowd . . .



**MAUD KNORR STREET**, Toronto, who Helen Lee Doherty golf invitation 2-up in Fort Lauderdale despite all-around superb play, came back in 1956 after a two-year absence from the game.

**PAT MORN**, English sports car racer who shares enthusiasm for speed with his brother Bill, trained with England's Ann Wadsworth in the women's division of Monte Carlo auto rally.



**JOHN HEIDERS**, 37, a red-headed Sunday School teacher and defensive line coach for the Baltimore Colts, was hired as the head coach at Baylor, the Baptist Church's largest ball stronghold.



**TOM COCHRAN**, Harvard student representing Mt. Mansfield Ski Club, won State Cup at Stone Mt., after winning slalom, placing in downhill and giant slalom.



**JOHN SMITH** of the Oak Brook Polo Club, Brookdale III, retained his 10-year leadership in 1957 ratings of United States Polo Assn. Top ranking also went again to Bob Stony, San Mateo.



**WILMA JOHNSTON**, a student at Tennessee A&I led scholastics in sweep of four top spots in 20-yard dash at national A&I indoor track and field championships in the Washington Armory.



**ROCKY COLAPINTO**, leading hitter for Cleveland last year, was named "Man of Year" by city's baseball writers. Staff Manager Joe Gorman "Rocky" got going to be baseball's biggest attraction.

## FOR THE RECORD

**BASKETBALL** JOHN McILW, who scored his 114 in four games last season in pro basketball of Detroit Tigers, resigned last to take over as coach of Michigan State.

**BASKETBALL** R. EST 111, Best 100, WBA All-Star game, Detroit.

**BASKETBALL** In the NBA Eastern Division, AT 110 P. 10, 100 in 100 games.

**BOXING** JOHN JORDAN, eight rounder division champion, scored 100 in 100 games.

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**BOXING** JOHN JORDAN, eight rounder division champion, scored 100 in 100 games.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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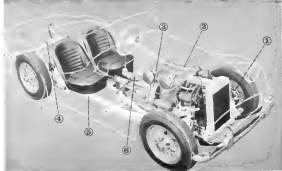
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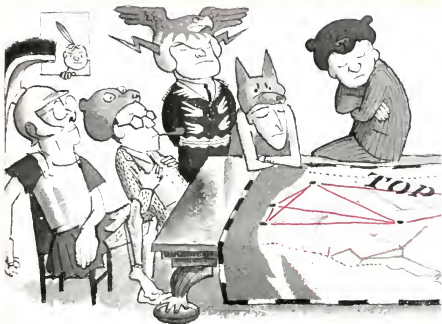


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CONFEREES IN POSSIBLY HISTORIC CINCINNATI HOTEL ROOM INCLUDED MEN FROM USC, UCLA, AIR FORCE ACADEMY, WASHINGTON,

## SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 2, 1958

# FOOTBALL'S

**Bedeveled by competition from the pros and entranced by a fine opportunity, the country's independent football giants plan a jet-flown, nation-wide conference of their own**

by **TEX MAULE**

IN ROOM 1016 at the Netherland-Hilton Hotel in Cincinnati the other day a small group of very serious men finished the outline plans for a jet-age college football conference. This is the first news of it.

Room 1016 is a big room, decorated in tones of brown—brown rug, brown and cream drapes—but the big men crowded it. The room belonged to Tom Hamilton, athletic director of

the University of Pittsburgh, and the men scattered about the room represented 11 of the nation's great football powers. They had met twice before during the week-long NCAA convention in Cincinnati, and this final meeting was a summing up of their discussions plus committee reports on the various problems of operating a conference that would stretch from California to New York.

In a college-football climate made uncomfortable by the ever-growing competition of professional football and the withdrawal of more major conferences into round-robin schedules which virtually exclude the independents, these major independents were seriously considering an adventure in Togetherness.

By the time they adjourned for dinner at the end of the late-afternoon session, the blueprint for the new conference was clearly drawn. None of the schools represented is committed—the actual go-ahead signals will have to come from the college presidents—but the athletic directors are now able to go to work on arguments and presentations to submit



CALIFORNIA, PITTSBURGH, NAVY, ARMY, NOTRE DAME, PENN STATE, SYRACUSE, WHILE STANFORD WATCHED FROM A DISTANCE

## JET-AGE SECRET

*Drawing by Moe Simon*

to the top executives involved. As outlined in Cincinnati, the conference will consist of 12 schools divided into eastern and western divisions. In the East will be Army, Navy, Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, Syracuse and Penn State; the western division will be Southern California, UCLA, California, Washington, the Air Force Academy and perhaps Stanford. Each team will play four games in its own division and one in the other. Due to scheduling difficulties—most major colleges are scheduled three or four years ahead—conference play cannot begin before 1964 or 1965 and will involve, at the beginning at least, only football. In other major sports the schools propose to play to divisional

championships, then determine the conference champion in playoffs.

These were the major accomplishments of the meeting. Still open to discussion and arbitration are the thorny problems of recruiting, scholarships and eligibility rules.

Here are the men who were present and who will thresh out these problems soon: Tom Hamilton of Pitt, unofficial chairman of the group; Colonel Francis Roberts of West Point; Captain Slade Cutter of Annapolis; Lew Andrews of Syracuse; Moose Krause, athletic director of Notre Dame, and Father Edmond Joyce, executive vice-president of Notre Dame; Ernest B. McCoy of Penn State; Colonel George Simler of the Air Force Academy;

my; Wilbur Johns, athletic director, and Bradford Booth, faculty athletic representative, UCLA; Jess Hill, athletic director, and Hugh Willett, faculty athletic representative, Southern Cal.; George Briggs, athletic director, and Jack Goss, faculty athletic representative, University of Washington; and Greg Engelhard, University of California. Absent but interested was Stanford Athletic Director Chuck Taylor, who told us, "We'll be most interested in reading what you fellows write about it."

The toughest problem they have to solve has to do with athletic scholarships, recruiting and academic requirements.

*continued*



WILBUR JOHNS  
UCLA



JESS HILL  
Southern California



GREG ENGELHARD  
California



GEORGE BRIGGS  
Washington

#### JET-AGE SECRET *continued*

"Some of the California schools could not live under the restrictions of the eastern colleges," says Cutter, the outspoken representative from the Naval Academy. "Nor could we live under some of their rules. All of the colleges involved, however, have high academic requirements and it is not impossible to develop a comfortable framework for the conference as a whole."

The two eastern service academies, which have been somewhat tentative under what they consider irksome and sometimes unfair restrictions imposed upon them by the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference, are leery of additional restrictions.

The benefits of a national conference for the independents are fairly obvious. Notre Dame's Moose Krause says, "The best reason for the creation of a new conference is that each scheduled conference game immediately assumes greater importance because it helps determine the member college's final place in the conference standings." As it now stands, a game between, say, Navy and Syracuse is

important only if one of the two schools happens to be in the top 10. "I think these ratings are foolish," says Cutter. "But that's the way it is now. If we were in a conference with Syracuse, the game would be more attractive not only from a spectator's standpoint but from a publicity standpoint as well. It would give the sportswriters something additional to write about."

Nor so freely admitted, but still very much present in the reasons for the new conference is the competition college football is beginning to feel from the professionals. The new collegiate conference would, in geographical distribution and in its method of scheduling, nearly duplicate the setup of the highly successful National Football League.

"Some of the independents are beginning to feel a little pinch—in the areas where professional football has become very popular," Cutter said. "I think, too, that all the recent publicity about the excellence of professional football as compared to college football is out of balance. We can't fight that by crawling into a hole and playing football which is the equivalent

of high school football, as some colleges are doing. This conference, I believe, can be a real shot in the arm to college football by proving that the college game, too, is good. By forming a conference of schools with uniformly high academic standards and uniformly good football teams we can prove that academic excellence and football strength can go hand in hand."

The new conference would ease the scheduling headaches of some of the member colleges and would be no problem to the others. "As a service school, we like to play schedules which pretty well cover the United States," Colonel Roberts points out. "This conference meets that requirement. Besides, we have been playing all these schools anyway. The scheduling will not be difficult, although I should imagine it would be the mid-'60s anyway before a real conference schedule could be worked out."

Another advantage to the member schools—and an important one—was underlined by several of the athletic directors. George Briggs of Washington probably explained it best: "My own feeling is that the primary factor



LEW ANDREAS  
Syracuse



FRANCIS ROBERTS  
Army



BLAKE CUTTER  
Navy



CHUCK TAYLOR  
Stanford





GEORGE SIMLER  
*Air Force Academy*



MOOSE KRAUSE  
*Notre Dame*



TOM HAMILTON  
*Pittsburgh*



ERNEST MCCOY  
*Penn State*

In favor of the idea is the opportunity such an organization would provide for enhancing the effectiveness of our common feelings on such matters as national intercollegiate legislation. We've gone too far already in sacrificing institutional autonomy; this could be a device for preserving and strengthening it. From the standpoint of having an organization in formation and capable, let's say, of influencing NCAA-type legislation affecting intercollegiate athletics, my hunch is that agreement by 1960 would be quite possible. To be operational in terms of scheduling is quite another matter, though."

All in all, the new conference would be an advantage to the member schools. Since it is made up of independents, it does not disrupt any conference now existing. None of the athletic directors made direct mention of one of the biggest advantages—the increased gate receipts to be expected from participation in a conference which will be the strongest in the nation, or the advantage to be expected in recruiting boys to play in that conference. It is easy to see, too, what a tremendously attractive TV package this conference would have to offer. And, if it can be worked out, a playoff between the eastern and western division would very likely outline any current bowl game in popular appeal. These are very real reasons and very strong ones for the acceptance this idea has picked up so quickly. The fact that these reasons carry weight is no criticism of the schools involved, any more than it is a criticism of the Big Ten schools to say that similar considerations have long applied there, too: the Big Ten is a strong and attractive conference for spectators and for athletes.

The dissolution of the nine-member Pacific Coast Conference will clear

the way for the creation of the proposed new airplane conference. The athletic directors of the four big West Coast schools—now suddenly independents—all considered that the achievement of a strong voice in NCAA affairs would be one of the valuable results of the new Togetherness. The same thought was, if not so dominantly, a factor with the experienced independents of the East.

Incidentally, if the new conference should use its undoubted strength to try to ease the strict but just rules of the NCAA, then it would be better for collegiate athletics if it never comes into being. No prediction is made here that anything like this will be attempted, but it is no secret that some of the proposed members—notably on the West Coast—have

squirmed under the NCAA penalties.

Also, incidentally, and probably without being conscious of it, the conferees in Room 1016 in the Netherland-Hilton were outlining a college football program for the 1960s in direct challenge to the thesis of that tireless old opponent of college football, Chicago's Robert M. Hutchins, whose advice to other college presidents has long been: "Give it up and let the pros have it."

In his sternest manner, Hutchins has written *see below* that college football can never be as good, as entertaining and solvent as the professional game. The athletic directors of a dozen or so of the nation's finest colleges are out to prove Hutchins and his disciples wrong. And they just might do it.

END

## HUTCHINS' DOCTRINE FOR FOOTBALL

Plans of the nation's major college football independents to form a jet-age conference of their own—in challenge to the increasingly popular pros for the public's support and attention—also bravely challenge the advice of that longtime enemy of college football, former President Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago. Excerpts from the Hutchins doctrine and prophecy, as written for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* more than four years ago (SI, Oct. 18, '54):

"The real hope lies in the slow but steady progress of professional football. . . . Not enough people will pay enough money to support big-time intercollegiate football in the style to which it has become accustomed when for the same price they can see real professionals, their minds unfused by thoughts of education, play the game with true professional polish.

"When professional football has reached this point, we shall be able to



HED GIVE THE GAME TO THE PROS

disentangle sport and higher education. Students can play (or not play) as they wish; their friends may attend and applaud if they like. . . .

"Students will come to college to study. Alumni will believe that this is something a normal, red-blooded young American can properly do. . . . This happened at Chicago."

# A THEME OF FRANTIC CLIMAX

**California has given the 1959 pro golfing tour a palpating send-off. And a Californian is the circuit's most talked-about personality**

**F**IRST in Los Angeles, then sweeping over the sunny Monterey Peninsula and back down to mountain-ringed Palm Springs (with just a peek across the Mexican border into Tijuana) the 1959 golf season has received a glorious bon voyage from the state of California. After playing at San Diego this week the professional golfers move on out into Arizona, Texas and the South, competing for a record \$1.5 million in prize money. It should be a rousing journey.

The excitement clattered in with the very first event of the season, the Los Angeles Open, which Ken Venturi won by scoring an amazing final-round 63. After Ernie Vossler had captured the tightly contested Tijuana Open, Art Wall stumbled in the winner of Bing Crosby's celebrity-studded pro-amateur when Gene Littler fired a shot into the Pacific Ocean on the final hole of the final day. At Palm Springs last weekend this theme of frantic climax was sustained. In the very last round Arnold Palmer, surpassing even Venturi's tour de force at Los Angeles, shot a 62 to win the Thunderbird Invitation tournament.

Throughout the month, however, the central figure on a stage crowded with golfing stars was 27-year-old Venturi. Passing up Tijuana after his dramatic showing at Los Angeles, Ken faded somewhat in The Crosby, but came back hard at Palm Springs, finishing in a dramatic tie for second with Jimmy Demaret. The young and dedicated Californian has marked himself early as the most exciting golfer of the year. For Herbort Warren Wind's evaluation of his promise, turn the page.

**STYLISH SLUGGER** Jimmy Demaret, driving off Thunderbird's first tee, abandoned traditional golfer's slacks for more colorful plus fours. Demaret held third-round lead, but finished tied for second.



**BUSY AMATEUR** Crosby first sponsored own tournament, then went to Palm Springs for Thunderbird event.





**BIG MONEY WINNER** Wall earned \$10,000 in first three events, faded at Palm Springs.



**BLAZING FINISHER** Palmer rapped out last-round 62, was first at Thunderbird.



**NO. 1 PRODUCER** Desi Arnaz played despite his myriad TV enterprises.



1958 CONTINUED



IN PRESS ROOM (ABOVE): VENTURI'S CANDID BUOYANCY PRODUCES LIVELY COPY

## THE IMPOSSIBLE IS THEIR HERO'S DAILY DIET

FOR THE past year and a half, ever since his back-to-back victories in the St. Paul and Milwaukee Opens in the summer of 1957 made it clear that he had arrived as a professional golfer and could well develop into a really great golfer, Ken Venturi, a young man from San Francisco, has enjoyed a rare status in his home state: he is the pride of both northern Californians and southern Californians. When Californians get behind a local product and he continues to produce, their enthusiasm has a way of turning into the formidable, possessive passion of a hooligan's cult, and thus was the stage reached last winter when Venturi scored three fine victories on the tour and generally demonstrated that he could indeed be the Hogan of this next decade.

Early this January in the Los Angeles Open, playing before native galleries who regard the impossible as their hero's daily diet, Venturi, eight

strokes back of the leader when the final day dawned, came through with perhaps the greatest round of his career, a wonderful 63 that saw him home the victory by two shots. In California today there is only one type of argument when two golfers get together: each contends that *he* is the greater admirer of Venturi.

In personality, Venturi, a tall, not unhandsome young man who mirrors his emotions almost as lucidly as Sned, enjoys the excitement of tournaments and galleries and imbues his shotmaking with a natural flair for the dramatic. He is very well fitted for the role in which he has been cast—far better fitted, say, than Gene Littler, an exceedingly quiet and reticent fellow, who was accorded the same lush regard by Californians when he turned professional in 1954. Like those remarkable competitors of an earlier era, Sariksen and Hagen, Venturi is endowed with an ocean of



IN DRAMATIC SETTING AT THE MASTERS.

buoyancy. He forgets bad rounds quickly. After a good round, his exhilaration is so uninhibited that, in an age where it has become standard practice for sports figures to be restrainedly modest before everything else, it has occasionally been misread as conceit. That is not a trait of his, but he has a deep-seated self-confidence and the youthful belief, like many athletic stars who have grown up as junior celebrities, that everyone is as candid and outgoing as he is.

To be sure, admiration for Venturi's golf skill is anything but confined to the beyond-the-cordillera civilization. For example, quite a few of his colleagues on the tour—Jay Hebert, for one—have alluded to him for quite some time now as simply "the best player on the circuit." Putting is the weakest part of Venturi's game. He probably holes more than his share of long ones and his good strokes are very good strokes, but a



WHICH HE CAME CLOSE TO WINNING IN 1956 AND 1958, VENTURI HITS AN IRON SHOT TO AUGUSTA NATIONAL'S 17TH GREEN

fairly high proportion of his medium-length and short putts are not firmly struck, and sometimes under pressure he has a tendency to ride his right hand a little to the outside and to close the blade a trifle as he taps through the ball. Off the tee he has improved both his consistency and his length. He now gets the ball out a great distance for a player of his slightish build, hitting his first few drives with no particular emphasis usually, but growing longer and longer during the progress of a round.

But it is Venturi's iron play that is exceptional, as has often been remarked. He has struck more than one veteran observer as possibly being nothing less than the finest iron player of all time. A good part of his soundness and finesse is the result of his many hours of tutelage with Byron Nelson, but at least an equal part of his skill appears to be sheer instinct. As he studies a particular shot,

he seems to breathe into his bones the particular nuances it calls for. If the ball should ideally be drilled low, it is drilled low. If it should coast up to the green and then softly fade a shade off to the right to catch the contours and slip down to the pin, it frequently does. The ball that ideally, to suit the conformation of the green area and the pin position, *should* be drawn a fraction from right to left *is*. He plays the straightaway three-iron and four-iron with the same let-it-fly decisiveness which most professionals manage only when they are handling the seven-iron and its close relatives. The amazing thing about Venturi's style is its thunderous absence of visible effort. He has a beautiful grip—he seems to have a dozen fingers entwined around the shaft. Though his backswing is not the picture of fluidity, everything is where he wants it to be. Through the ball his balance and timing are superlative, and this

is what makes his shotmaking look so easy and quiet.

In the professional field today there are more good golfers than there have ever been: about 10 truly first-class players, another 10 who always play well and at times with brilliance, and another 25 who have the stuff to win tournaments and have won them. For all this, Venturi's most difficult problem, it sometimes seems, is the pressure of fulfilling the great expectations which Californians and outlanders alike have for him. The thing that would do him the most good, of course, would be a victory in a major championship like the National Open, the British Open, or the Masters in which he has come close twice in the last three years. To earn a position among the great golfers, a man must make a considerable showing in these major competitions. The first victory, those who have done it say, is always the hardest.—H.W.W.

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## *Boating Boom (Cont.)*

**T**HIS TIME last year, when the word was of recession, the National Motor Boat Show came to New York and set dazzling records in both attendance and sales (\$1, Feb. 3, 1958). Maybe this was a prophetic index and maybe it wasn't, but the recession is no longer with us. What about this year? Well, the big boat show closed last Sunday bigger than ever. The total of 1959 sales orders in boats, engines and accessories was \$26,970,000—an increase of 20% over last year.

## *The Arena*

**T**wo recent items in the news, both of them concerned with sports arenas, have set us to pondering again, for perhaps the ten thousandth time,

the exact nature of those precincts in which we occasionally make bold to raise an authoritative voice.

The first of these items, winging its way eastward from Los Angeles last week, echoed like a view halloo in the offices of presidential aspirants from coast to coast by announcing that the officially chosen site for next year's Democratic National Convention was the still-unfinished 17,000-seat Los Angeles Sports Arena, the West Coast's answer to Madison Square Garden.

With the heady sense that our empire had suddenly expanded beyond our wildest dreams of power, we were inclined at first to hail this choice of venue with enthusiasm and to extend our heartiest congratulations to those politicians who made it. In view of their frank admission, it seemed to

us, there could no longer be any doubt that politics, at least Democratic Party politics, would now take its rightful place in the world of major sports, and we were eager to face up to the responsibility.

Then, hard on the heels of the first news item, there came another, and we sobered instantly. This item concerned the plans of Cuba's victorious revolutionary, Fidel Castro, to hold history's most highly touted series of mass-murder trials in the huge Batista-built Sports Palace in Havana. This, we felt, was something else again—something pretty somber.

We suddenly were thankful that we did not have to pass judgment either as referee or reporter on liberated Cuba's arrangement for justice. We were finally thankful that we would not have to set up headquarters in Los Angeles and belatedly master the intricacies of a national game more complex, confusing and confounding (with the possible exception of the British wall game) than any we are now called upon to observe. Most of all we were thankful that the wonderful world of sport, as we know it, is a world not circumscribed by yearnings toward punishment or power but one bounded only by man's desire to triumph over his own shortcomings.

## *Happy Knoll, U.S.S.R.*

**A** BASIC AXIOM of country club management—as every member of Mr. Marquand's Happy Knoll must be aware—can be stated something like this: "If any golfer complains loudly enough about the workings of the greens committee, put him on the committee."

Soviet Russia's Nikita Khrushchev is not primarily a country club type,

**EMANUEL CELLER**, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, proving organized baseball a house of cards: "They want exemption from anti-trust laws. Well, they're not going to get it. I am going to fight them tooth and nail."

**BRANCH RICKET**, 77, in St. Louis for the silver anniversary of the Gas-house Gang: "I know a little man here this evening—I am talking of Leo Durocher—who had a greater facility for making a bad situation immediately worse than any man I ever knew. But if I were the sole owner of a major league club made up of probable winners, he would be the man I would select for manager."

**ADOLPH RUPP**, 57, University of Kentucky basketball coach, reflecting on the pleasures of fox hunting in the Kentucky manner: "It's the best sport for a man my age. You turn the dogs loose and sit down and listen to them with your sandwiches and a fifth of bourbon. The fox holes up and doesn't get caught; the dogs have a happy time running about—nobody wins and nobody loses, and the alumni don't write letters."

**DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE**, clergyman and author, addressing the New York Touchdown Club: "I am a great reader of the sports pages. Indeed I read the sports pages before I read the front pages and editorial pages—so that I can bear to read the front pages and editorial pages."

but his hardheaded realism has led him often to emulate the methods of capitalist society: "You can't get production without incentive," the Russian dictator told Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey some weeks ago and, when Humphrey replied that that seemed like a pretty capitalistic point of view, Khrushchev snapped back: "Call it what you like; it works."

Last week, to counter an ever-increasing ground swell of national discontent over the state of Soviet sports, Khrushchev took a step exactly in line with the accepted policy at Happy Knoll. He abolished the top-heavy and cumbersome government Committee on Physical Culture and Sport and put the control of Soviet athletics in the hands of a grass-roots organization composed largely of those who had been complaining the loudest about how things stand.

The new boss of Soviet sports will be a so-called Union of Sports Societies and Organizations whose membership will be culled from a host of participating local sports groups in factories, offices, schools, army units and farm collectives throughout the land. A major share of the responsibility for getting the new organization going will be laid directly in the lap of the outspoken Young Communist League whose objections to the former centralized setup were the most vociferous of all.

The accent in the new sports setup, as in most of Khrushchev's domestic policies, will be on decentralization, the old capitalist device of local control and local incentive. The avowed purpose of Soviet sport is still that of "training Communist youth for greater productivity and defense of the fatherland," but the drive, it is hoped, will now come more from the sporting youth and less from the sedentary boss.

In the past, according to the dissatisfied members of the youth league, too many temperamental stars have been pampered by the government at the expense of neglecting the commoner athlete. Indignation swelled last year when one of these stars, Top Soccer Player Edward



Streltsov, was thrown in jail for rape and other extracurricular athletics. It reached a crescendo when a team of other temperamental stars lost the world soccer championship to Britain in a 5-0 rout.

Under the general supervision of the new Sports Union, local authorities plan to keep a sharp eye on the conduct of the nation's top athletes, and keep them on their mettle as well with the constant threat of new talent from the provinces. Within three years, the Union hopes, the number of Russians actively engaged in sport will rise from the present 20,000,000 to twice that number or even more.

#### "Between Here and London"

MIKE HAWTHORN, champion road-racing driver of the world at 29, slid into a swift green Jaguar in Farnham, England one day last week

and surged toward London for a business appointment.

Just a few days before, the tall, flaxen-haired Hawthorn had said: "The roads are getting to be proper death traps. The average driver simply will not bother to think ahead. He just tears along as though he hasn't a minute to spare and relies on his brakes to get him out of trouble. If you ask me the race track is a lot safer than the road between here and London."

Now, by odd coincidence, Hawthorn found himself cruising behind the Mercedes 300SL of another famous British racing man, Rob Walker, whose Cooper cars won two important Grand Prix events last year. Ahead lay a wet, treacherous pavement, with two bends in view.

But Mike was in a hurry to keep his appointment. (He was to receive yet another reward for having become

continued

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

in 1958 the first English driver to win the world championship—a \$28,000-a-year contract as technical adviser to an automobile manufacturing firm.) Behind him were eight years of intense competition on the world's great road circuits. He had been badly burned and battered in racing accidents. Just last year he had mourned the deaths of four racing comrades.

Upon his retirement from racing in December, at the zenith of his fame, the British press outdid itself to pay him tribute. His garage at Farnham was prospering. He was thinking of marrying and settling down.

Hawthorn waved and grinned as he pulled alongside Rob Walker's Mercedes on the road to London. "I suppose I must have got up to about 50 miles an hour and he was going quite fast," Walker recalled. "I let him go."

(However, another driver whom they both had passed had another story: "I was doing about 75 miles an hour in my Bentley," he said. "A car went past me and then a little later another car tore past at a terrific pace. I looked at my speedo again. I almost thought I had stopped.")

Walker, still in sight, was able to describe the accident itself. "Then it happened. I was well behind. Mike's car skidded. The back went round. I never dreamed it was going to mean disaster. I couldn't believe that a driver of his class could get into trouble. I expected he would give a flick of the wheel and be out of it. This was Mike Hawthorn in front of me. I thought, 'Good old Mike; he'll soon flick out of that one.'"

But Mike did not. His Jaguar spun around and around again as it skidded wildly for 100 yards out of the second of those awkward turns; then it careamed off a post in the center of the four-lane highway, clipped the rear of an oncoming truck, uprooted a tree and shuddered to a stop in a hedge. The time was five minutes before noon, the place was near the town of Guildford. Hawthorn was found crumpled in the back seat of the car, fatally injured.

An impromptu roadside shrine of

flowers was built by motorists around the uprooted tree the next day, but police ordered it removed. By attracting sightseers, they feared, it might cause further accidents.

### Brekekekex, Koaz, Koaz

THE proper mascot of the Air Force Academy is Mach I, a falcon. But when the Academy swimming team took part in the Wyoming Relays last month they borrowed a frog from the University of Wyoming biology lab, rubbed him for luck, finished second and adopted him as a surrogate. The frog's name is Croak I, he lives in the chemistry lab far from the dissecting tables and his chief handler is Cadet Mike Peterson of Altadena, Calif. "The team decided that since it isn't feasible for the falcon to perform in a swimming pool, they should have a substitute," explains Coach Mac Mackenzie.

Croak I made his first personal appearance last week during the AFA-Colorado State College swimming meet by diving from the one-meter board into the pool. He was borne to the board on a blue velvet pillow. A small plastic canopy was raised, and Croak I was urged to take off. He declined. Peterson taunted him from the water by twirling a small leather lure. As Croak I pondered Peterson, 230 spectators roared, "Jump in." Croak I declined. A sneaky cadet stole up behind him and, tipping the

pillow, sent Croak I soaring in what was described by an Academy spokesman as a "beautiful frog dive."

It was thought by some that the chlorinated water might make Croak I croak and necessitate the arrival of Croak II. The spokesman said, however, that the chlorine had "no apparent effect," but he did not rule out the possibility of delayed after-effects. He added that Croak I's training schedule involved keeping him in



an icebox and not feeding him for a week before the meet. "It saved the taxpayers' money," he said. He attributed Croak I's reluctance to dive to the "large crowd," but felt that his presence was "salutary." The Air Force won 59-27.

### By the Book

LITERACY, in the form of reading the rule book, we suggested some months ago, could go a long way in keeping college athletic coaches out of trouble. The suggestion was made in the wake of severe disciplinary action by the NCAA for illegal recruiting of athletes. One of the offenders was Basketball Coach Johnny Castellani of Seattle University, who promptly resigned his job with the penitent statement: "The rule was there. I violated it."

This year Seattle has a new basketball coach whose respect for and belief in the powers of literacy exceeds our wildest expectations. A slim, studious young Master of Arts from Columbia University, Vincent Cazzetta has composed a 48-page brochure for the guidance of his athletes that leaves virtually nothing to guesswork. "It's just a thing," he explains, "to let all of us know what's expected of us so that the chances of tripping up may be minimized."

In his 10 chapters Vince covers everything from a brief historical



### Photo Finish

These track stars ran a race  
And never knew defeat;  
Both perished at the tape;  
They called it a dead heat.

—L. L. MORRISON



résumé of the basketball tradition at Seattle ("We are now part of that tradition and should make every effort to carry on...") to the tactics of defense on the court ("Talk to your opponent; Force violations and bad passes by talk and aggressive defense"). Between times he discusses scholarship ("You are in school to get an education... DON'T CUT CLASS..."), filial devotion ("Your parents have sacrificed a great deal for you. WRITE HOME OFTEN. MAKE THEM PROUD AND HAPPY") and manner and bearing on tour ("CONDUCT YOURSELF AS A GENTLEMAN AT ALL TIMES").

Many paragraphs of Cazzetta's manual are filled with detailed instructions about practice hours, diet, the proper method of dribbling (with the fingertips not the palms), care of equipment, rules of play, and the other minutiae of the basketball player's life set forth in such completeness that there is no room for question. But if, after amassing and mastering all of these fundamentals, the young Seattle player still finds himself basically confused or leaning toward the prevailing philosophy of his supposedly "beat" generation, Coach Vince had an answer for that as well.

"We must recognize," he tells his boys, "our emotional status. If we are frightened or angry and recognize the fact, we may be able to do something about it. We must learn to restrain as much as possible the continued expression of the undesirable emotion. Many times the basketball player will have big problems and find life unpleasant. But if he is in good mental health he can take these in stride. All the work of the coach and players may be nullified if the team does not have the proper mental attitude."

Whatever else Coach Cazzetta may have at Seattle this season, he gets an A for attitude.

### Fundamental Frick

IN a letter to Ford Frick the other day the president of the Texas League, Dick Butler, asked a boon of the baseball commissioner. His

league, he wrote, wants to dispense with the four pitches required for an intentional walk to first and wave the batter there instead. Commissioner Frick wrote back next day that it was neighborly to keep in touch but the answer was no. And added: "I hate always to take the position of the dog in the manger, but it is of extreme importance that the fundamental rules of baseball be observed."

Nobody, least of all Dick Butler, was much surprised at Frick's reaction. A former assistant to Frick, Butler had once before broached the idea without success. This time he did so at the prompting of the Texas League directors who are looking for new ways to speed up the game and the spin of minor league turnstiles. More baseball interest, they feel, can be generated by arranging for shorter doubleheaders, putting bullpens closer to the diamond and in general eliminating what Butler calls

"the dead spots—no matter where they exist."

Admittedly, that long walk from the bullpen by an incoming pitcher is a tedious thing, but somehow it is hard to see where the wave to first would be an improvement. When the pitcher is obliged to angle off four balls to his catcher, there always remains the possibility that the catcher will either drop one, allowing an advance on the bases, or the batter will get hold of a too-close pitch and clout it over the Lone Star beer sign. And as to the time saved by waving, the idea seems even less compelling. Last year the Texas League recorded 324 intentional passes in 612 games. Allowing, at the most, one minute for throwing four balls, each game was set back an average of maybe 30 seconds. Which is not very long. And which is probably about how long it took Commissioner Frick to make up his mind.

END



"I'll play with you on one condition—that you don't think any more ahead."



**WIELDING** a Ruthian pen, Outfielder Hank Bauer, the first Yankee to sign, accepts his 1959 contract, drawn up by Roy Hanney, assistant general manager. Despite a .268 average, Bauer got a raise to about \$50,000.



**MEETING** a big bat, Ted Williams completes the 19th annual pleasures of contract-signing. Terms

## BUDDY-CHUM PALS OF THE WEEK

**T**HIS WAY big-name athletes popped into the news last week, neatly paired off in smiling huddy-chum poses, was heartening to contemplate. Most heartening of all was the sight of the two fresh young faces at the left, which may have a lot to do with the changing face of boxing in the U.S. Just 11 days after the U.S. Supreme Court's dissolution of the monopolistic IBC, Ingemar Johansson, tousle-haired and sporty as all get-out in his Gothenburg Golf Club blazer, flew in from his native Sweden to sign up with Promoter Bill Rosenzohn for a heavyweight championship fight with Floyd Patterson in June. Rosenzohn, a Williams man who talks like a Williams man should and dresses in neat sport jackets and button-down Brooks Brothers collars and conducts himself in a vaguely civilized manner that makes him unique

in these-called annals of fiatianis, had good reason to oblige the press with a smile as he reassuringly squeezed the rugged Swede's biceps to prove it was all it is pumped up to be.

The terms when all ironed out will call for Patterson to receive 40% of the gross receipts (against a \$250,000 guarantee) and Johansson to receive 20% of the gross receipts (against a \$100,000 guarantee) and a return bout within 90 days in the U.S. if Ingo wins. Ingo has no doubts about that eventuality: "If I hit him with my right hand I will knock him out. Nobody can take that punch. But if I cannot hit him with my right, why then I will try to win the decision."

Rosenzohn (who last week had finished reading Conrad's *Verfory* and was well into *Doctor Zhivago* and who likes nothing better than simultaneously watching a horse race and a

basketball game on his two television sets while listening to a second basketball game on his radio) is just as confident and prepossessing as Ingo. "I will bet you right now," he says, "that this fight will draw more than 60,000 paid." Although Rosenzohn has not yet chosen the site of the fight, it will, most likely, take place either in Los Angeles, whose 130,000-seat Coliseum represents a "tremendous challenge" to Rosenzohn, or in Yankee Stadium, which Johansson favors because he feels more of his countrymen will come to New York to give him "psychological support."

"I'd like to put this fight on home TV," Rosenzohn says, "and if I can use it for bait to get a weekly boxing show I will. I'm negotiating right now with one of the networks which carries an IBC show. If that doesn't work out, I'll put it on theater TV."



of the agreement with Red Sox General Manager Bucky Harris: about the same as last year, which is more than anybody else, or \$132,000.

**THROWING** a curve (or two) is Actress Tina Louise, while Mickey Mantle appreciates in Dallas. Tina's promoting a movie, and Mickey's opening a bowling alley.



## NEW LIFT, NEW LOOK

NEW YEAR's weekend launched the East's smartest new ski area, Sugarbush, Vt., and the longest and most comfortable new ski lift in America. The lift's almost spherical gondola cars—latest sleek evidence of Italian design—hang like brightly colored Christmas balls between aisles of spruce as they carry three passengers each up the 9,300-foot trail in a warm 14 minutes. On this big holiday weekend, the skiers were as sleek and colorful as the gondola cars, providing a preview of the season's new ski clothes. Odds-on parka favorites were of quilted nylon (SI, Nov. 24). With form-fitting stretch pants as shown here, they confirmed the best sporting look of the season.

*Photographs by Hansen T. Carroll*

**INSTRUCTOR ALICE GRAY.** In same parks, gives lesson to Mrs. Milton Greene, who is sporting hood, goggles and fox mittens.



**LUISA GITTARDENGHI** of Rome wears the most-popular parka of the year, of quilted, Dacron-filled nylon, which features a nylon hood that rolls neatly into a collar.





**DANON GADD**, Sugarbush developer, adjusts bindings for Mrs. Peter Gumbel, in sealskin parka with mink-trimmed hood.



**LITA COLE** has Bogner ski pants in 18 different colors, wears a beige pair with a reversible beige and white Meggi pullover.

**NANCY HEFFLAW's** quilted parka is by Barbara Barnet. Her aide, Sandy Waters, skis in leather mountaineering knickerboys.



**ERICA VON HORGER**, of Munich, matches green Bavarian shrunken-wood jacket with stretchers, has same outfit in red.



**ANNE HYDE** and Doris Menckel are both alike in striped stocking caps, Austrian earflaps from Sig Buchmayr's ski shop.





A SEASON-LONG PUZZLE—HOW LONELY 87 KNEW THE SIGNALS—GOT AN ANSWER FROM COLONEL EARL BLAIR

## FEET PLUS PETE DAWKINS

**H**ow did the lonely end get his signals? As a strategist and tactician, West Point's Earl Blair has always been a hard man to outguess; so when he told a New York Touch-down Club dinner last week that he was going to answer the most baffling technical riddle of the 1958 season—how Bill Carpenter got his signals—listeners automatically took a defensive grip on their chairs, uncertain whether to prepare for the truth or a tease. Some of the newspapermen present may have gripped so hard that they dropped their pencils. At any rate, hardly a single report next day agreed with another.

"If you recall," Blair told them in a confidential tone, "Caldwell, the quarterback, stood behind the huddle and he always had a towel on his back. . . . Well, he'd take that towel and massage it. [A short dramatic pause.] All he was doing was wiping his hands."

Listeners were sure of a tease now as Blair went on: "But if you had watched Caldwell closely, and many did, you would have noticed, for ex-

ample, that when he lined up facing the huddle that his two feet were in different positions at times. If his feet were parallel or in close stance . . . it meant a run. If his left foot was forward, it meant a run. But if his right foot was forward, it meant a pass." Some accounts next day stopped with that: it was all just footwork.

But Blair went on to say that the footwork was only the first signal. "We transmitted [the rest of it] to the lonely end by another man. . . . The end knew, for example, that if it were a run he had certain cuts; if it were a pass he had certain cuts; these cuts were identical. Therefore, you only had to have a group of signals, which could be thumbing your nose, if need be, or touching your helmet . . . that would tell you where to go. Now isn't that simple?"

Later in the week Blair named the man who regularly gave the lonely end the rest of the signal: All-America Pete Dawkins. And he answered some other questions.

Why did the lonely end never join

the huddle? "In the first place, he'd have worn himself out running all that distance each play."

"But the main reason is that having the lonely end out there forced the opposing team to commit themselves in advance to a set defense. That's the essence of the lonely-end formation. It's the only offense I know of that forces the other team into a set defensive pattern."

Now that the veil of secrecy has fallen from the lonely-end formation, members of the Army team can talk freely about it. But last week Pete Dawkins still spoke with hesitancy about the code and seemed to regret the romance lost by the disclosure. He could pride himself, anyway, on having kept the secret himself even under the most trying circumstances.

When Dawkins appeared before his Rhodes scholarship selection committee last month, the first question put to him was: How does the lonely end get his signals? Replied Dawkins crisply, "Gentlemen, that is a military secret." They awarded him two years at Oxford.

END



*Dick Martin, crack amateur tennis player, on the court at the Caribe Hilton. Photograph by Tom Halliwell.*

## “Suddenly, all my friends are drinking the dry rum I discovered under the brilliant Puerto Rican sky.”

“Little did I know what I was starting when I drank my first Rum Collins in Puerto Rico last winter,” says Richard Martin of New York. “I did know that I was drinking a dry rum. Bright. Clear. Brilliant.

“I served my friends Puerto Rican rum when I got back. Now everybody is drinking it.

“We’ve found that rum is *versatile*. Rum and Tonic. Rum old-fashioneds. Daiquiris. Rum on the rocks. The list of delicious rum drinks is

long and distinguished. They all taste good.

“Next to a vacation in Puerto Rico, I suggest a fast game of tennis followed by a Rum Collins on a summer’s afternoon. Smashing!”

**Rum Collins Recipe:** 2 oz. white Puerto Rican rum — juice 1 lemon (1 oz.) — 1 teaspoon sugar — shake with ice and strain into tall glass over ice. Add club soda, cherry, and orange slice. For free rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. S-9, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 19.

*Rum Collins* →





Mrs. Igor Cassini says: "I believe the Lincoln has more chic than the other fine cars."



*"It's a matter of personal taste. But to me, its simple elegance makes it more beautiful."*

Naturally, we agree with Mrs. Cassini, wife of society spokesman Cholly Knickerbocker. After all, we designed the 1959 Lincoln for people whose tastes lead them to the trim, the elegant and the uncluttered.

There's another striking difference between the Lincoln and other fine cars. Simply that Lincoln, for all its beauty, has not sacrificed an inch of comfort and spaciousness.

For one thing, it's easier to get in and out through the wider door frames. And once inside, you'll find almost four more inches of shoulder room. In the back seat, some models are almost a third of a person wider. The seats are the height of a comfortable easychair, thanks to the Lincoln Uniframe Construction. You never feel awkward or cramped.

If you are a fine-car buyer, won't you make a comparison between Lincoln and other fine cars? Sit in them. Drive them. We think you'll agree: this is the year for you to consider making the change to Lincoln.





*"I've owned many different cars in my life," says Mrs. Cassini. "Do you know that my Lincoln is by far the easiest to drive. Comfortable... really."*



*"I like the way you sit in the Lincoln. It's like a comfortable easychair or divan. I recommend it to you."*

Mrs. Cassini is pointing out that you sit up in a Lincoln in chair height seats. The space has been arranged so that no matter what your size you never feel awkward or cramped.

And when Mrs. Cassini drives, she finds that her Lincoln for all its size and luxury is as easy to handle as a small car. Steering, parking, passing and stopping are accomplished almost unnoticeably.

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THE POSTGAME CROWD BEGINS TO GATHER AT OLIN LUKE'S CAFE, PINCKNEYVILLE'S UNOFFICIAL BASKETBALL HEADQUARTERS

Photographs by Art Klay

## RENAISSANCE IN PINCKNEYVILLE

**A new young coach breaks with tradition and, confounding his critics, promises P'ville a return to the days of glory**

by GERALD HOLLAND

**O**f course," said Olin Luke, "not everybody likes the fast break."

I nodded but did not reply immediately because I had a mouthful of apple crumb pie. I scraped the plate for the last of the crumbs and then took a swig of coffee.

"Mr. Luke," I said, "that was as fine a piece of apple crumb as I've ever tasted. My compliments to the pastry cook."

"I don't believe you'll get a better piece of pie in Egypt," said Mr. Luke,

a slight, soft-spoken man of middle age, the proprietor of Luke's Café ("Always on the Square") which is on the square in Pinckneyville, Ill., a Perry County town 65 miles southeast of St. Louis. When Mr. Luke said Egypt he was, of course, referring to southern Illinois, which is called that because one of its principal towns is Cairo, 85 miles due south of Pinckneyville. Cairo (pronounced *care-oh* in the area) was so named because the Mississippi's habit of overflowing its

banks at that point every springtime put the first settlers in mind of the River Nile.

"Mr. Luke," I said, "what is your feeling about the fast break?"

Mr. Luke took a sip of coffee and lit a fresh cigarette. "I go along with the times," he said.

Now this answer had considerable significance. What Mr. Luke says carries weight. He is the No. 1 basketball fan in P'ville (a town nickname deriving from the fact that Pinckneyville is too long a word to spell out in newspaper headlines and on basketball jerseys). His restaurant is buzzing with basketball talk from the time the doors open at 5:30 a.m. until they close at 1 o'clock the following morning. Mr. Luke has missed only five games of the P'ville High School Panthers in 18 years. If it hadn't been for a heart attack, he wouldn't have missed the five. He is very philosophical about the heart condition and, over the protests of his doctor,

*continued*

he drinks all the coffee he wants, smokes cigarettes, goes bowling and, of course, sees every basketball game. He has made one concession to his doctor: he lets Mrs. Luke do most of the work of running the café.

I swung around on the seat at the counter and looked out the window and saw people hurrying by, flapping their arms or holding gloved hands to their ears in the zero cold. It was warm and cheerful in Luke's and I was glad I had taken the advice of Mrs. Rackley, the taxicab driver. Mrs. Rackley had told me, as we drove from the Illinois Central depot to the Friendly Haven Motel, where I was stopping, that I'd learn all about the local basketball situation and get to know just about everybody in town if I did nothing more than just sit in Luke's place.

I sat staring out the window, pondering the import of what Mr. Luke had said about the fast break in basketball in light of what I had learned since I came to town. The facts were

that P'ville had once been a powerhouse in Illinois high school basketball competition. This was when Merrill (Duster) Thomas was coach. He turned out consistently strong teams, sent eight of them to the state championship tournament at Champaign, won the state championship once and had a record of 17 and 7 in state tournament play when he decided to retire as coach two years ago and accept the newly created post of athletic director. Of course, Duster continues to teach his five classes in mathematics and chemistry.

As a monument to Duster Thomas' great record, a handsome new gymnasium had been built. It was financed by a special bond issue and, when it was completed, it was named Thomas Gymnasium. It was the last word in construction; there wasn't a pillar or a post to obstruct the view from any seat and it was big enough (allowing for a few lap-sitters and standees) to accommodate Pineknayville's entire population of about 3,200 persons.

To succeed the highly successful Duster Thomas, the school board set-

tled on a young man of 24 named Don Stanton. Don (who bears a certain resemblance to Terry Brennan) had excellent qualifications. For one thing, he was born and raised in Pineknayville and had played under Duster Thomas. He had won an athletic scholarship at St. Louis University, where he played under the renowned Ed Hickey, and, after getting his B.S. degree, had served for a year as Coach Hickey's assistant.

Don (who was assigned to teach American history) had to start coaching from scratch. The squad he inherited had lost seven boys through graduation. That left mostly green-as-grass sophomores. The first thing Don announced was that he was abandoning Duster Thomas' more conservative style of play and was going to use the fast-breaking offense that he had learned under Hickey at St. Louis U. He told the newspapermen (including his brother Harry, who is editor of the weekly *Adrenaline*) that he figured it would take three years to indoctrinate the boys with this new style of play. "But," he said, "It's the kind of basketball I've got faith in."

Don said that he would hold fast to all other standards established by Duster Thomas. All basketball players would have to maintain a C average in their studies. Nonathletic students can get by with a D. Moreover, the no-dating rule for members of the squad was to be continued. Any boy who so much as took a girl to Luke's for a barbecue-on-bus would be instantly dismissed from the squad. Don agreed completely with Duster that if a boy studied hard enough to keep up a C average and took his basketball seriously enough, there was no time for romance.

A man in Luke's Café had a story about how young love can get in the way of winning basketball. Some years back a Pineknayville player was dating a girl off season but obediently suspended the romance for the duration. However, when the state tournament rolled around and P'ville made it, the girl's parents thought it would be nice to take the girl to Champaign to see her beau play. The first hint the player got that his girl was up in the stands came when he happened to look up and see her laughing and giggling and letting a perfect stranger—to the player, that is—feed her popcorn. "The player," said the man in Luke's, "couldn't hit the red side of a green barn after that.

**P'VILLE LOBING:** Geniese Stanton, 7, a niece of the coach, holds hands to her face in horror, and Jane Ann Carleton of senior class makes a clenched-fist plea for a rally.



I firmly believe the incident cost us a state championship.")

Even with inexperienced material, the Panthers of last season managed to win more games than they lost. This year the young squad (of the starters, Jack Margenthaler is 15, Dave Roach, Ed Bigham and John Nelson are 16, and the ones senior, Dave Harris, is 17) began to show the effects of Don Stanton's coaching. He soon had them molded into a smoothly working combination that was acknowledged to be a cinch to win the Southwest Egyptian Conference. When Referee Joe Franks saw them play in the Central Invitational Tournament, he made the flat statement to the press, "There's no doubt about it. The P'ville Pinks are on the way back."

Thinking about all this, I turned back to Mr. Luke.

"Mr. Luke," I said, "I'm just wondering if another piece of apple crumb would spoil my supper."

"If you're wondering, you want it," said Mr. Luke, raising a hand to signal one of the waitresses. "Apple crumb here," he called out.

#### PINKS SET A RECORD

"You were saying, Mr. Luke," I said while I was waiting for the pie, "that not everybody likes the fast break. How do you mean?"

"Well," said Mr. Luke, "take the game with University High at Carbondale Saturday night. The Panthers were really hot. That score of 106 to 41 set an altitude record for the Pinks. But a lot of people don't like that high-scoring basketball. A lot of people around here would walk out on a game like that."

The girl put the apple crumb before me and then leaned back against the pie counter to listen.

"Mr. Luke," I said when I had finished the pie, "I wish you'd check me on a few impressions I've got."

"Shoot," said Mr. Luke.

"Well," I said, "the reason I came to Pinckneyville was to see just how seriously a small town takes its basketball. Now I could have gone to Herrin or Galesburg—I believe they're most likely to battle it out for the state championship?"

Mr. Luke closed his eyes and nodded sagely.

"But," I said, "you'd naturally find people a little hysterical in towns like that right now. On the other hand, there must be hundreds of towns in Illinois where the people



P'VILLE WINNING Jack Margenthaler (No. 33) outjumps his Sparta High School rival as the home team catches fire in the second half of an all-important conference game.

have given up on the team this year. In other words, in some towns there are dreams of glory, in other towns there is deep despair. As I see it, looking at the situation with the cold, objective eye of an outsider, Pinckneyville is sort of in between right now. The Panthers aren't the equal of the great teams of a few years ago, true. But they're coming fast, as Joe Franks, the referee, was saying. Now I've been watching practice every day and yesterday noon I had dinner with Dexter Thomas, Don Stanton and Wib Ragland [the assistant coach] at the high school cafeteria. Incidentally, I don't see how the school can put out such a fine meal for 30c. But any way, I was told that Don Stanton will lose only one man, Dave Harris, next season. So I don't see how he can help but have a winner. That's why I'd like to ask you,

Mr. Luke, would you go so far as to say the basketball recession is over in Pinckneyville, the renaissance, so to speak, is on in this part of Egypt?"

The girl behind the counter looked at me oddly. "What do you do?" she asked. "Write up sports?"

Mr. Luke made a gesture of impatience. "Go set up the booths for supper," he said. The girl shrugged her shoulders and walked away.

Mr. Luke took a deep drag on his cigarette and exhaled. "Yes, I think you could say that," he said carefully. "Personally, I'll give even money right now that the Panthers make the state tournament next year, and, at the proper odds, I'll bet they're the state champions."

I swung around in my seat and stood up.

*continued on page 31*

# IS AMERICA A SECOND-CLASS TRACK POWER?

**With characteristic vehemence, Avery Brundage argues 'aye.' Vigorous rebuttal comes from a famous coach—and the big new season will have to decide between them**

by **TEX MAULE**

THE United States, once the unquestioned champion of the world in track and field competition, has become a second-class track power.

Avery Brundage, a big, heavily muscled man of 71 who was once the unquestioned champion of the United States in all-round track competition, is the authority for this blunt statement. Mr. Brundage is now the President of the International Olympic Committee, among other things, and he is not a man to mince words.

"We are becoming a nation of spectators," he said the other day. He was sitting in a spacious office in the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago. He wore a white shirt and a belligrent expression, and he sat erect in a swivel chair behind a wide desk.

"We are soft," he said, looking across the desk at a visitor, who put out a cigarette immediately. "You take Olympic medals as a standard and we were overtaken long ago in track and field. Australia, on a per capita basis, won 10 times as many medals as we did in the last Olympics. And the European countries are progressing much faster than we are."

He stopped a moment and swung the swivel chair around so

he could look at a multiarmed statue of an Oriental god which adorns his office.

"I think it was Voltaire who said that history is a parade of nations climbing the stairs of civilization, passing other nations descending," he said. "Go back to the early Olympic Games—1896, 1900. We practically monopolized them. Before the war we had won as many Olympic medals as all the rest of the world combined. Since then if it weren't for our Negro athletes we would be out of the picture."

Brundage has a blocky, strong face, and he speaks with the deep conviction

of a man used to running things.

"The trend here is toward a race of nonparticipant spectators," he said. "We're all lazy. I'm lazy. A lot of things have happened to bring this about. I go back to the time I was competing myself here in Chicago. Almost every week we had some sort of meet—picnic, neighborhood—out in the suburbs. We had track teams sponsored by athletic clubs. Many, many athletes competed. Now that era has passed. And there's the auto. . . . The auto takes people out into the country for recreation and to the golf clubs. Chicago had maybe two or three golf clubs 40 years ago. Now I imagine there must be 200. To be a champion athlete means hard work and long, arduous hours of training, and with the improvement in our standard of living fewer people are willing to submit to the demands of training. They want to sit in the stands and be entertained."

He swung back to glare across the desk again at his visitor.

"We can indict the colleges on that," he said. "They emphasize spectator, not participant, sports. They run programs for prestige and gate receipts and not for what should be the primary purpose—the participant. You can't blame the athletes or the coaches or the athletic directors. It's right up at the top—the presidents and the trustees. Those are the people who allow these conditions to exist." He tapped a pile of letters.

"The whole thing is absurd," he said. "Why should a university be

AUSTRALIAN in the U.S. is the star distance runner Alex Henderson.



JAMAICAN in the U.S. is Keith Gardner, a top sprinter, hurdler.



out paying athletes? A university is an educational institution, and it should not lower itself to hiring athletes. Athletic scholarships exist nowhere else in the world. No foreign university would tolerate it, and we're excusing it more and more. I don't see any reason for giving an athlete any consideration he doesn't merit on grounds other than his athletic ability. I remember 50 years ago, when I was in college. They might enlist the college team to play in a football game but it was all in fun, and they didn't give him a cap and gown."

He tapped the letters again.

"I got these," he said. He hid up a French newspaper and translated. "Avery Brundage closes his eyes to scandal. What does Charley Dumas study outside of high jumping?"

He put the paper down and sat quietly for a moment.

"Well," he said, "what does all this have to do with track and field? The accent on commercialization means the colleges have to fill their stadiums. They have to concentrate on the commercial side. So the tendency is to concentrate on the few very fine athletes instead of the whole mass of students. Only a few can succeed, so they concentrate on the few. I suppose it all began with the big stadiums. The colleges had to win to pay interest on the bonds, and they built up large, expensive machinery—publicity stunts, coaching stunts, all the paraphernalia. Publicity increased to such a degree that certain legislators would say, develop winning teams or your appropriations will be cut. Alumni became fanatical. It was entirely off the track of education. Other countries' educators became horrified by it. I hear it every time I'm in Europe."

He stood up then and walked across the big office, moving quickly and easily, the big body spare and strong-looking and not showing his 71 years.

"To reverse this trend, you have to go to the school system," he said. "Get teachers and superintendents and school boards with the right point of view. Put more emphasis on physical education. I remember I was in Germany after World War I. This was a country completely defeated, weakened by runaway inflation, undernourished, starved. We stepped in and gave them some financial help, and they spent a great deal of that money in building schools and athletic facilities. I was in one of the

schools they built, and there were nearly as many exercise rooms as there were classrooms. At one stage in a child's development exercise is more important than schooling, and they knew it.

"What happened? By 1936 those German boys and girls who had been anemic and underfed were some of the finest physical specimens in the world, and they won more Olympic medals than any other country in the world."

He stopped pacing to look at some of his collection of Oriental art. "This takes up all the money I have left after what I use on Olympic business," he said, smiling. He sat down

again and shuffled through the letters on his desk.

"I spend all my time answering these," he said, holding up the small pile. "Letters from all over the world. What I should do is take time to write a book explaining amateurism. Or two or three books. That's what we no longer understand in this country. Not just in track and field. When Washington and Jefferson went into government, they went there to see what they could contribute to the United States. They were devoted to service and the rewards it brings. Now the politicians go there to see what they can get."

continued



STILL UNMELLOWED AT 71, AVERY BRUNDAGE LOOKS GLUMLY AT U.S. TRACK FUTURE

He stopped and looked quizzically across the wide desk. The room was dim in the late winter afternoon in Chicago because Brundage had no lights lit.

"Someone once said that no one ever wrote well for money," he said, peering through the glasses he wears. "What do you think about that?"

His visitor started a protest but Brundage held up a big hand.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Wait a minute. Let me finish. Sure, you make a living writing. But you're doing something you're devoted to, aren't you? You do it because you love to do it. You don't do it for reward. Money or prestige. You'd be doing it whether you were paid or not. Amateurism is a broader thing than its application to sport. I told a sports editor the other day: You're not running a sports page; this is just an extension of the entertainment section. Professional football, baseball, basketball. That's vaudeville. Most people think an amateur is someone not good enough to be a professional but, actually, most amateurs are better than professionals. They have a de-

votion to their subject—politics, writing, whatever—not to the rewards to be gained from it. I imagine you could say some professional athletes are really amateurs, because they are most interested in excelling—not in the rewards they get from excelling."

He stood up again then. He is, by some definitions, a curmudgeon, but he is an impressive man, physically and emotionally. He looked out the corner window in his office at the gray skyline for a long time.

"I laughed when I heard that our college people wanted to bar foreign athletes from competition in our national championships," he said. "I can remember a time when we weren't afraid of foreign competition. We shouldn't try to cut them off now. Maybe the foreign athletes in our schools will be an inspiration to our boys. They work hard. They've had better coaching, too. More scientific. Europe has made tremendous strides, and we haven't. I suppose we need something like what happened to Australia. I went over there when they were preparing for the Olympic Games and dropped an atom bomb on them. They weren't ready. But they got ready, and the effect of the Olympic Games on Australia was phenomenal. The Olympic spirit took over everyone, from the new-boys on the street to Menzies. It brought them back into the world. Of course, they have a less comprehensive amusement program than we have. We have so many things to do. We're nonparticipant spectators. And the auto—don't forget it. I saw a squib in a newspaper the other day after I had made a talk about how we are getting soft. You might quote it. Some father had written in to a paper. I don't remember it exactly, but I had said the automobile was making us soft and he wrote in to say, tell Avery Brundage to come out to the high school my son attends and he'll find out the auto helps. My boy has to walk a half mile each way to his car because there are no parking spaces near the school."

He stopped and came back to his desk and picked up an Oriental vase and looked at it carefully.

"It goes back to the school system," he said finally. "Maybe what they should do is conduct classes in amateurism."

Mr. Brundage's forthright opinions on the state of the nation in general and track and field athletes in



**POLE VAULTER** Bob Gustafson, from California, a world record holder, is one of many American standouts in his event.

particular have earned him little affection from the public. And most coaches in the United States do not agree with him on the parlous condition of this sport in America.

#### JUMBO JIM

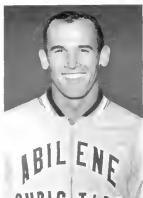
Among the most successful coaches in the United States is a pleasant, well-spoken gentleman from Villanova. Jumbo Jim Elliott was himself a great athlete in his undergraduate days, and since then, for over 20 years, he has coached the Villanova track team. He has developed stars like Fred Dwyer, Don Bragg, Charlie Jenkins, Phil Reavis, Ed Collymore and the nonpareil miler from Ireland, Ron Delano. Jim, an articulate man, has strong feelings on the future of American track and, like Brundage, he is not loth to go on record.

"I guess the thing that burns me most," he said the other day, "is this idea that European coaches are more scientific than American coaches. I don't want to mention any names but I spent three hours not long ago talking to one of these famous coaches, and I can't remember a more boring three hours in a long time. You have to remember that these coaches spend all their time on the distance runners. American track coaches have to be diversified. We have a big break over them, I'll admit. Our high school coaches are knowledgeable, bright guys who know what they are doing, and we get well-trained athletes in our freshmen. But we have to coach sprinters,



**OPTIMISTIC COACH** Jim Elliott of Villanova, is unworried by threat from abroad.





**SPRINTER** Bobby Morrow from Texas won three Olympic gold medals at distances which have long been a U.S. monopoly.



**QUARTER-MILER** Glenn Davis from Ohio recently set two world marks, is a superb performer in half a dozen track events.



**HIGH JUMPER** John Thomas from Massachusetts is only 17, leads surge of grand young American track and field athletes.

shotputters, pole vaulters, distance men, broad jumpers—all the people who make up a track meet. We can't spend all our time trying to develop one man into the greatest three-miler in the history of track."

He was sitting in the big, comfortable den in his home in a suburb of Philadelphia. The walls are decorated with pictures of former Villanova track stars, and the bookshelves are loaded with cups testifying to Elliott's skill at golf.

"We are getting more and more good kids from the high schools," Elliott said. "American track performances are improving all the time. Look at this kid John Thomas, a 17-year-old high jumper who'll do seven feet any time now."

He looked at some notes on a file card.

"I'm not worried about America's future in track," he said. "And I'm not worried about foreign athletes taking over, either here in our own meets or in the Olympics. Our high school marks are the best of all time. I figured out the other day there were 116 new state high school records set in 1957, 150 in 1958. That sound like we're getting soft? From 1947 to 1956 the average winning time for the mile in state meets was 4:38.1. In 1957 and 1958 it was 4:31.9. In the same period, the quarter-mile time dropped from 51.8 to 50.2 seconds. The high jump went up from 5-10 to 6-1 and the shot from 49 feet 6 inches to 53 feet 9 inches."

He tossed the cards away and

leaned back. Elliott is an ebullient, enthusiastic man, and he made his points vigorously.

"Sure, the Europeans are ahead of us in distance running," he said. "That's because of our economy. Over there an athlete may be subsidized by a municipality, the state, a political club. He has a job, but his real job is running. You figure a real distance runner doesn't reach his prime until he's 27 to 30. Our kids can't devote that much time to track when they finish college. They get married and go out and make a living. They can't spend five or six hours a day training—they can't even do that when they're in college. It's not because they're lazy; they simply don't have time."

#### THE BEST IN HISTORY

Elliott walked across the room to look at a framed picture of one of his track teams. A legend in heavy black type proclaimed the team the best in track history.

"Look at our athletes in other events," he said. "Thomas and Charley Dumas in the high jump. Bobby Morrow and Dave Sinc and half a dozen others in the sprints. Glenn Davis and Eddie Southern in the quarter."

He turned and grinned.

"And Ed Collymore," he said. "Wait till you see Collymore run the quarter. He'll surprise both of them."

He walked to the wide window looking out over the wooded Pennsylvania countryside. A heavy, wet

snow was falling, and he watched it for a while.

"The field events," he said. "Why, when an American track team goes abroad, the Europeans must take a million feet of film so they can copy our technique. Does that sound like they have us outcoached? We've got the best performers in the world. We don't have to be afraid of foreign athletes, whether they compete in our national championships or attend our universities. And I don't see anything wrong with their attending American universities either. I think maybe there should be an age limit on them, though. I mean, it isn't fair to bring a 25-year-old man over here and enter him as a freshman to compete with 17- and 18-year-olds. But take Delany. When he came to Villanova from Ireland he was a 19-year-old kid, a 1:32 half-miler. He developed over here, and I don't see anything wrong with that."

He turned from the window. "We'll find out how we stand this year," he said. "There's lots of track coming up and lots of foreigners competing."

The biggest invasion of foreign track talent into the United States since the 1932 Olympics is scheduled for this year, with the big push coming in the outdoor season when Russia returns the American visit of last year and Chicago is host to the Pan American Games. But the foreign challenge begins during the indoor season, with five of Europe's best

continued

middle-distance runners scheduled to compete. England's Brian Hewson and Mike Rawson, European champions in the 1,500- and 800-meter runs; Dan Waern of Sweden, who holds the world record at 1,000 meters; Paul Schmidt of Germany, an excellent half-miler who was third in the European championships; and Zbigniew Orywal, the Pole who won the U.S. indoor championship at 1,000 yards last year, are all entered in U.S. indoor races this season.

Competition of this caliber provides a strong test of American runners. Possibly the best of the American runners at 800 and 1,000 yards is a tall, beautifully built senior from North Carolina, Dave Scurlock. Scurlock has a wonderful, fluid running style and, more important in the heavy traffic of indoor running, a good sense of tactics. Arnie Sowell, who is in training at an Army base in Texas, will certainly be on a par with the Europeans if he is in condition.

Of course, at the mile, no runner can be considered a very serious threat to Villanova and Ireland's Ron Delany. The thin, ascetic-looking Irishman (her ever) is the world's best miler indoors, with far more experience than any of his competitors, foreign or domestic. And it is beginning with the mile that the American

paucity of distance runners becomes apparent. Possibly the brightest hope for the United States is Bill Dellinger, who ran 1,500 meters in 3:41.5 this summer in Europe. Dellinger, who ran a weak race last Saturday in Washington, dogged Delany's footsteps in the first big indoor meet in Boston and may yet develop enough

#### INDOOR SPECTACLE

For a unique color photograph by John G. Zimmerman that captures the crowded panorama of indoor track and field competition, turn the page.

to give America a domestic miler of international quality.

Foreign students at American colleges are likely to win all the races at two and three miles. Best of the lot is, then, intense Alex Henderson, an Australian at Arizona State College. Henderson is the holder of the American outdoor record at two miles, and if he remains in the East long enough to become acclimated to board running it is doubtful that any homegrown talent can challenge him. Max Traess, the tiny, busy distance runner from California, and Deacon Jones, a feather-thin Iowan, are the best native Americans. John Macy, of Poland and the University of Houston; Velisa Mugosa, of

Yugoslavia and NYU; and Al Lawrence, of Australia and the University of Houston, are all powerful distance runners.

The advent of Bobby Morrow, Texas' great Olympic sprint champion, adds a fillip to the sprint events, which, as always, are an American monopoly. Morrow has never run indoors, but he is a quick and consistent starter, and the sprints do not demand the tactical sense the longer events do. Ira Murchison, the stumpy little Western Michigan sprinter who has probably the fastest start in track, was slowed as the season began by amoebic dysentery but should be ready for most of the meets. Duke's brilliant but often-injured Dave Sime is in his first year of medical school and may not have enough time to reach peak condition for the indoor season. Keith Gardner, a Jamaican attending the University of Nebraska, will compete in both the sprints and the hurdles but he is unlikely to win consistently in either. Lee Calhoun, Elias Gilbert and Francis Washington are all great hurdlers and, too, are all used to indoor races.

Glenn Davis, the finest runner in the world at the quarter mile, will compete indoors this season. He faces very strong competition from Villanova's Ed Collymore and Rudy Smith of Bates. Collymore, who has enough essential speed to compete in the sprints and who is a big, strong runner as well (with a victory in the 600 at Boston), is the toughest competition for Davis.

The pecking order in the field events remains unchanged. No shot-putter in the world today is in the same class with Parry O'Brien, who would like to break the world indoor record he set in Europe. The pole vault, despite Russian victories outdoors in Moscow last summer, is primarily an American event, with world record holder Bob Gutowski and the very strong Don Bragg. Although the Europeans have climbed rapidly in the high jump, no one can truly challenge Charley Dumas, and if Dumas should miss a step there are youngsters like John Thomas to take over.

All in all, the picture is not as gloomy as Mr. Brundage sees it. It may not be as bright as Jim Elliott believes either. The truth of America's track strength lies somewhere in between; the season coming up should tell us just where.

END

CAROLINA'S DAVE SCURLOCK IS ONE OF AMERICA'S BEST AT MIDDLE DISTANCES





**FIVE FEET OF BARRACUDA** menace American skin-diver Jim Thorne (left) as he

explores sunken treasure hulk amidst parading fish on reef off the Florida keys.

## Barracuda puts crimp in sunken treasure hunt

**READ HOW YOU CAN BORROW A COLOR MOVIE OF THE WHOLE EXCITING STORY**

"Most skin-divers laugh off the barracuda as 'harmless,' but a 'harmless' cuda gave me some anxious moments," writes Jim Thorne, an American friend of Canadian Club. "With treasure diver Art McKee, I was probing an old wreck on a Florida reef. Art had proof of treasure. The barracuda were just curious, nothing to worry about. Or so we thought. When we found treasure, I discovered how unpredictable a cuda can be. Probably attracted by the glitter of gold in Art's hand, one of the big fish rushed him. Startled, he dropped

the doubloons. And a lucky thing. The cuda veered to follow the coins and missed Art. Treasure? We'll still get it... barracuda or no barracuda. Right now I'll settle for fresh air and a drink of Canadian Club."

For free loan of 30-minute 16mm. color sound film, "Secret Cargo," based on this underwater treasure hunt, write on club or society letterhead to Hiram Walker Importers, Inc., Dept. 4—Box 2886, Detroit 31, Mich. You'll enjoy it, as you'll enjoy Canadian Club—"The Best In The House" in 87 hands.

*Canadian Club*

Another adventure in one of the 87 hands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

**A 30-MINUTE COLOR SOUND FILM** based on this underwater adventure is available on loan to clubs and social organizations. For details on how you can obtain it, see below.



**GOLD DOUBLOON** found by veteran treasure diver Art McKee (left) lures skin-diver Jim Thorne down for look-see.



**GLINT OF GOLD** in hands of McKee brings lightning-like charge of the big barracuda. McKee dropped the gold fast.



**SAFE ABOARD** the "Aeolus," Thorne and McKee temporarily recess search, end day by breaking out Canadian Club.



8 years old • 90.4 proof • Imported from Canada

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. GLASSER CANADIAN WHISKY



## *Carnival on the Boards*

The bright and colorful panoply of the indoor track season sparkles in this picture of Madison Square Garden, its banked balconies full of enthusiasts and the infield populated with athletes in their many-hued uniforms and the penguinlike officials in the cold grandeur of black and white. The indoor track spectacle borrows some of its own special excitement from the circus but most of it springs from the intimate drama of man pitted against man in a struggle before the roaring multitudes who have filled arenas as long as there were arenas for them to fill.

*Photograph by John G. Zimmerman*





## Rum punch in a pineapple

**For Adele Astaire and her friends  
not the least of the pleasures of  
Round Hill are its tropical drinks**

IT WOULD SEEM CLEAR from the picture on the opposite page that Adele Astaire is both eternally young and eternally full of fun—which is exactly the case. Her expression probably is due in part to the delectable rum drink she is sipping from the hollowed inside of a pineapple. The drink is a specialty of that Xanadu of club-colony resorts, Round Hill, eight miles west of Montego Bay in the West Indian island of Jamaica. Here the darling of the '20s, who with her brother Fred once danced into the hearts of a whole generation of Broadway theatergoers, lives exuberantly in the present, acknowledged as one of the gayest members of a winter colony not given in any large degree to asceticism.

During their weeks at Round Hill, Adele and her husband, Kingman Douglass, a Manhattan investment broker, lead an utterly relaxed life. "King and I love our cottage," she told me. "It has white jalousies and is mostly white inside. Some rooms are yellow, but it's all very cool. We love the trees called flame-of-the-forest, the hummingbirds with long tails, the palms, the tuberous, the night-scented jasmine. The whole place has what I call a *châle d'été*: there are French chefs in the main de (the Round Hill Hotel, central clubhouse of the cottage owners) and fabulous food; marvelous wines and calypso singers at night. . . .

"Everybody you've ever heard of turns up in Round Hill," she went on, "but the lovely thing is, you can be yourself. I can go to bed if I want to with a cup of tea, a boiled egg and the sound of distant music. I can wear Chinese pajama suits. I love the picnics we can take any day to distant beaches. And I love the drinks made with rum, and rum on the rocks—that's very romantic under the moon."

To the sportsmen and beach-lovers and just plain vacationers who have been captivated at one time or another by Round Hill, or by some other island paradise in the Caribbean, the taste of either of the rum concoctions described at right should bring to mind some of the romance of these delightful places.

*Photographs by Toni Frarelli*



WINTER BATHING AT THE LUXURIOUS JAMAICA RESORT

### ROUND HILL SPECIAL

*This drink calls for a small, ripe pineapple. First the end including the green "crown" of the pineapple is cut off.*

*Later to be replaced—and a hole for the straw is made in this cup with an ice pick or other sharp instrument.*

Now remove the pulp from the decapitated pineapple to form a hollow within the shell of the fruit. Cut pulp finely; you will need enough to fill about  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup closely packed. Place this in an electric blender with 2 ounces ( $\frac{1}{4}$  cup) of gold Jamaica rum. (In this recipe a gold rum of some other variety, such as Cuban or Puerto Rican, can be substituted, if desired, with a corresponding variation in results.) Add also to the blender 1 ounce ( $\frac{1}{4}$  cup) apricot brandy, 2 teaspoons fresh-squeezed lime juice and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shaved ice. Run the blender at high speed. Pour drink into pineapple. Replace top and stick it in place with toothpick. Serve with a straw.

### PEPPER PUNCH for two

*This is a famous drink served with the Plantation Breakfast (usually brunch) in the patio at Round Hill. A 40-foot buffet table is piled high with about 75 West Indian dishes, including breadfruit stuffed with Parmesan cheese and fried coconut, Jamaican chicken-rice, an array of roasted suckling pigs, white rice with pigeon peas, etc., etc. Here is the formula for the punch:*

Place in a large shaker the following ingredients: 2 ounces ( $\frac{1}{2}$  cup) gold Jamaica rum; 1 ounce ( $\frac{1}{4}$  cup) dark Jamaica rum; 7 teaspoons fresh-squeezed lime juice; 7 teaspoons sugar dissolved in a little water; 4 large dashes of Angostura bitters and 1 large dash each of cayenne pepper and ground cinnamon. Add a cup or a little more of fine-cracked ice and shake mildly. Pour out the punch, ice and all, into 2 old-fashioned glasses. (This is to my mind one of the best West Indian drinks I have ever tasted. M.F.M.)

## A British view of U.S. tracks

*After a tour of U.S. tracks last fall, John Hislop, racing correspondent for the London Observer and one of the world's foremost experts on breeding, wrote for his paper a three-part series comparing his impressions of racing here and in England. A somewhat condensed version of this report follows below. Without necessarily endorsing all of Hislop's opinions, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED believes with him that if U.S. racing eliminates too many traditional sporting elements for the sake of purely business interests, both the sport and the business will eventually suffer.*

THE conditions governing racing in England and America are so different that the sport in the one country cannot be judged or criticized entirely by the standards of the other. In consequence, there is not a great deal which we can learn from each other without making an impractical or impossible reorganization of our respective systems.

The basic influences in American racing are geography, politics and big business. The chief faults of the American racing system would seem to be: lack of a central control with wide powers over all the main aspects of the sport; putting too much stress on attracting the betting public at the expense of providing a true and fair test for the best type of racehorse; and, finally, monotony.

Owing to the wide distances between the important U.S. cities, racing is centralized in different districts, meetings often running for several months on end. Also, there are few grass courses.

Politically, American racing is affected in that each state runs its own racing and draws a substantial revenue from its share of the money bet on the Tote. Linked with this factor is the big business represented by the racecourse companies; most of these are private, profit-making concerns, a notable exception being the New York Racing Association, which operates all the tracks in that state.

As opposed to its English counterpart, the American Jockey Club has

little power. All states agree to respect its warning-off notices, and it publishes the *Racing Calendar* and *The Stud Book*, licenses colors and assumed names (a practice no longer allowed in England), but it has no further power over the racing commissions of the various states. Since The Jockey Club in America has no power over racecourse policy, races are framed almost entirely to draw the betting public. Instead of to provide a measure of variety and improve the breed of the race horse. While racing executives in England are given a pretty wide latitude of choice in framing races, they are bound to keep within margins designed by The Jockey Club to give a reasonably diverse program and encourage the breeding of the right type of horse. Thus it would be impossible for a racecourse in England to stage a card with six consecutive races over six furlongs (out of a total of nine races), as can happen in America.

The prevailing force among all these influences forming the character of American racing is money. Appreciating the revenue derived from racing, the states in which it takes place give it the fullest encouragement, but with an eye almost solely on directing the greatest possible amount through the Tote. In this they are supported by the racecourse companies. As a result, bookmakers are banned, as is all off-course betting. Illegal betting exists but is fairly vigorously suppressed by the states because it injures their vested interests.

The betting public prefers seeing horses racing under its noses, and virtually every racecourse is little more than a mile round; so far as I can discover, the only one which is a mile and a half round is Belmont, a beautiful course laid out on European lines. Jumping is popular as a spectacle, but not as a medium for betting; thus there is little of it. To please the public, the element of chance must be reduced to a mini-



AUTHOR HISLOP was, until recently, one of England's leading amateur jockeys.





DISCOMFORTS OF BRITISH RACEGOING ARE EVIDENT ON DERBY DAY AT EPSOM AS SEEN ACROSS TRACK FROM MEMBERS' STAND

mum. In consequence, every racecourse is left-handed and all flat races (except the Washington International) are started from stall gates. "We don't like these stall gates. They're a strain on horses' legs and temperaments, but an American race crowd presupposes everything to be crooked and, if the favorite got left, as in some of your starts in England, they'd pull the place down," an owner-breeder remarked to me.

The not infrequent suggestions that we should adopt the American-type starting gate merely emphasizes the ignorance of those who propound it. Wheeling the American starting gate on and off the racecourse for six races a day on English racecourses, especially in soft ground, would be quite impracticable.

Owners are kept quiet by huge prizes and low entry fees: £10,000 races are common, and for all the minor races there is no entry fee. The large prizes also result in there being very little betting by owners and trainers—or jockeys. "The average owner, trainer and jockey is mad if he bets here; there's so much to be earned without it," an American racing man told me.

With so much money at its disposal, American racing can afford a luxury of accommodation unknown in England. Even a comparatively unimportant racecourse such as Laurel, which is about the equivalent of

Salisbury in status, has stands—with moving staircases, lifts, innumerable seats and heating—to accommodate some 30,000 spectators, a huge car park and an up-to-date Tote, with electric indicators showing full information, including the exact odds for any runner at any moment.

#### DOORS IN THE RAIN

"When I go back to Chicago and tell 'em about all those dooks an' duchesses standin' out in the rain lookin' at nuthin', they jest won't believe me." This American observation upon Newmarket emphasizes the completely different nature of racing in the United States from the sport in England. While appreciating the astonishment with which an American visitor may regard the archaic amenities of English racing, its poverty and its eccentricities (such as Newmarket, where much of the running is out of sight), to those accustomed to its variety and to regarding the Thoroughbred—rather than the betting public—as the most important figure, the mechanical monotony of the American turf, the cramped circuits of its racecourses and minor regard for the Thoroughbred himself give an impression of luxurious greyhound racing with horses instead of dogs.

Like American racing as a whole, the training profession ranges from one extreme to the other, a high

standard at the top, a low one at the bottom. Trainers such as James Fitzsimmons and Hirsch Jacobs probably know as much as there is to know about the business by any standards, while there are many other extremely competent members of the profession; but from them the scale of knowledge and skill descends drearily. "Most any cab driver, bootblack or drugstore attendant seems able to get to be a trainer these days," was the situation as summed up for me by an experienced observer there.

The chief differences between American and English methods of training are that, in the former, the main key to a horse's merit is the clock, whereas few English trainers even own a stopwatch; horses do much of their fast work alone instead of with others; they are often "ponied"—led riderless by a man on a hack at a canter, or faster. Racing on a dirt surface, as in America, seems to put a greater strain on horses' legs than racing on a good grass surface, since a large number of race horses in America develop leg trouble. The top-class trainers do wonders in keeping horses going in spite of this, but many of the others are remarkably ignorant as regards stable management. "You'll find a lot of trainers who don't know what it is to feel a horse's leg," a friend who had worked in several American stables told me.

continued

The standard of riding is not high in English stables, but it is even lower in America, partly on account of the acey-deucey seat. If American flat-race riding boys were sent out on a string of horses in England, riding as they usually do, they would be scattered over the ground like peanut shells after a football match—especially on a Monday morning when horses are usually fresh after Sunday. There are some fine jockeys in America—Arcaro, Shoemaker, Hartack are three who come immediately to mind—but their skill has been attained in spite of the acey-deucey seat, not because of it. Why does the acey-deucey seat continue to be used? Because, in American racing, horsemanship is a minor factor. All the tracks are dead level, banked at the turns and left-handed. In England, where our courses vary greatly, some of them undulating and on the slope, and there is no outsider to come to the rescue, an acey-deucey jockey would soon find himself in difficulties.

The preponderance of sprint races induces a "butcher-boy" type of tac-

tics—going as hard as possible from the start—in spite of the fact that a surprising number of horses come from behind to win. Expert tacticians such as Arcaro (as good a jockey as there is anywhere) appreciate this and do not "ride their horses into the ground," as do many of their contemporaries.

By and large, the top American horses are as good as, sometimes better than, ours. Racing conditions demand good feet and legs, and, in the latter respect, American yearlings seem a little better equipped than ours. On the other hand, American bloodstock tends to develop a discernible coarseness (probably due to environmental influence), which needs controlling by periodical infusions of our best blood. American breeding is progressing by importing our best bloodstock, especially through the top-class middle-distance horses which they have acquired, but is hindered by the glut of sprint races. English and Irish breeding is suffering from producing too many sprinters to meet the demands of American owners. The best results appear to come from the first cross of American

and English (or Irish) blood, for instance, Never Say Die, winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1954, who is by Nasrullah out of an American mare and was bred in the U.S.

American racecourses do not offer so fair and true a test of a race horse as they should in relation to the care and expense put into them, because they give a smallish, short-striding horse who excels on sharp left-hand bends an undue advantage. This was proved by the result of last year's Washington International, in which a second-class English-bred horse, Tudor Era, beat a top-class Irish-bred one, Ballymoss—not because Tudor Era is the better horse, but because he is the right type for the track and Ballymoss is not. Promoters of international races in America must realize that they have virtually no chance of attracting a top-class English horse unless he is one who excels on a sharp-turning track, and it is the exception for our best horses to conform to such a pattern.

The first lesson offered by American racing to us is one of attitude. The traditional policy of *laissez faire*, which English racing has never quite shaken off, is remarkably absent in American racing authorities, and they do not allow adverse trends or situations to advance too far before they are faced. The stock English answer to American questions on our small stakes and poor amenities is: "But we haven't the money." The rejoinder is: "Well, why don't your authorities go out and get some? What is your Jockey Club for? Why don't they pull some strings in Parliament so they bring in a Betting Bill to help racing?"

American breeders tend to put too much emphasis on performance on the racecourse in a prospective brood mare; our inclination is to fault in the opposite direction. Americans are inclined to overrace their horses, we to underrace ours. We do not pay enough attention to soundness in horses, especially in the matter of legs and feet; Americans are commendably particular about this aspect.

To sum up the general situation: we would do well to take a leaf out of the Americans' notebook and pay a little more attention to the needs of the racing (as opposed to the purely betting) public and the owners, while America might be advised to give more consideration to the fundamental principles of the sport in relation to the race horse himself.

END

## TWO WAYS TO RIDE A RACE HORSE



**ACEY-DEUCE** style of U.S. jockeys means that right stirrup is worn much shorter than the left for counterclockwise tracks.



**EUROPEAN RIDERS**, who guide mounts over undulating courses and both right and left turns, use longer but even stirrups.



Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

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PAPERWORK

## Black Hawks on the wing

**With Jim spending, Rudy whipping and Litz, Tod and Ted scoring, Chicago's hockey team becomes a Stanley Cup threat**

THE PAST YEAR has been a pleasant one for baseball, football and hockey followers in Chicago. First the Cubs got going. Then Northwestern. Now the Black Hawks, in their fashion the most interesting team of all. When Rudy Pilous became coach in the middle of last season, the Hawks were hopeless. They had finished in last place for four straight years, and had made the Stanley Cup playoffs only once in 12 years. The Chicago Stadium could have passed for the house of the dead. Some Chicagoans thought Pilous might be a masochist; and Bill Furlong, an elf who writes for the *Daily News*, was so shocked that he won-

dered in print why Pilous "accepted the martyrdom of coaching the Black Hawks when he might have lived in comfortable obscurity in St. Catharines, Ont. all his life." Not content with Furlong's flippancy, a couple of disgusted fans wrote in to report, "Since the Hawks have been on television, the sale of ice skates has dropped sharply in the Chicago area. The only nice thing about the Hawks is that they have—how many games left to play?"

Now, almost exactly a year later, Pilous seems to be more sadist than masochist, and the fans are delighted instead of disgusted. At this writing, the Hawks are battling New York for

second place in the National Hockey League, behind the incomparable Montreal Canadiens. While they're not so far ahead of sixth-place Toronto—this is a tight five-team race behind the Montreal superclub—they still, knock wood, are a vast improvement over last year when they struggled to finish fifth. For the first time in years, Chicago is a good bet to reach the treasured Stanley Cup playoffs. As for the stadium, it's a jumping joint. A couple of Sundays ago a crowd of 16,482, the largest in nine years, jammed inside to see the Black Hawks play the Canadiens.

The big question, naturally, is, how come? Well, the answer may astound some, but most of the credit for the rejuvenation should go to James D. Norris, the onetime president of the International Boxing Club, who goes partners in the Hawks

**ON THE ATTACK.** Right Wing Eddie Litzenberger leads Chicago's "pappy line" against New York. Center Tod Sloan (9) is open for a pass at Litz's right. Ranger Defensemen Lou Fontinato (left) and Harry Howell await the play at the blue line.



with Arthur M. Wirtz, a closemouthed entrepreneur who once refused to tell a reporter where or when he was born. "When you go over all of this, Jim Norris has to be given a lot of credit," says Tommy Ivan, the former Detroit coach whom Norris brought over to Chicago as general manager five years ago. "He's been patient. Jim's a good hockey man. He likes the game, and it was a challenge to him, and I think he had faith that the thing would go."

One of the first things the Hawks did under the rebuilding program was expand the farm system. Center Bobby Hull and Defenseman Elmer (Moose) Vasko are two of the rewards the Hawks have reaped so far from the farms. Norris and Wirtz also began laying out cash. Ivan estimates they've spent at least \$1 million in the last four or five years. In addition, there has been a lot of trading—so much in fact that there isn't a player on the club now who was with it at the start of the 1954-55 season.

Without carping, it should be realized that Norris is an influential man in the NHL, sometimes dubbed the "Norris House League." Besides co-partnering the Hawks with Wirtz, he has a big piece of New York, and his sister Marguerite and his half brother Bruce own Detroit. As a result, he is able to wheel and deal in friendly surroundings. For example, the Hawks got Ted Lindsay, one of hockey's great left wings, and Glenn Hall, their superb goalie, from Detroit in exchange for cash and a pride of players named Joe. This is not to say this was wrong. On the contrary, any club likes to swing a good deal. Jack Adams, the Detroit general manager, is one of the shrewdest hockey men in the business, and when he made the Lindsay-Hall deal with the Black Hawks he was certain that it would prove an advantageous one for the Red Wings. That it has not, so far, does not indate anything more than that Adams was, this time, wrong. Still, the circumstances of club ownership in the National Hockey League annually excite questioning about whether a monopoly—ah, there, IBC—exists. The questioners like to apply a baseball parallel and point out that if Phil Wrigley, say, owned not only the Chicago Cubs but Cincinnati and St. Louis as well, he could hoist the Cubs' chances by trading the bat boy for Stan Musial. And, of course, while it is a coincidence, since the trades were made



COACH RUDY PILOUS took over dispirited, shop-worn Black Hawks last year, mixed in new players, shook well and now fields best team Chicago has had in years.

the once-poor Black Hawks have been showing signs of going onward and upward.

#### NEW FACES

Oddly enough, the Black Hawks suffered at first this season from the abundance of players who had begun to flow their way. During training and the first month of play, so many new faces swarmed around Pilous he had to tinker with the team before he could find the right combination. The Hawks opened the season with a tie, won the next three, then went into a three-game tailspin climaxed by a 9-1 drubbing at Montreal. Ivan, irked, called the defeat "a lousy effort on the part of the players who call themselves major leaguers" and fined each Hawk \$100. Fortunately, a week or so later Pilous found the combination he'd been looking for—Tod Sloan, obtained from the Toronto Maple Leafs in the summer, at center, Lindsay at left wing and Ed Litzenberger at right—and the Hawks began to move.

Their finest hour began on December 27 with a 2-2 tie against Toronto. In fifth place at the time, the Hawks went on to beat the Maple Leafs in the next game 4-3, and they kept winning or tying until they ran into a 1-0 defeat at Montreal on January 10. All told, they were unbeaten in eight games, only one short of the club record set by the 1939-40 team.

Lately, the Hawks have looked hot and cold. They tied Montreal 1-1 before that huge stadium crowd, but then looked like the Hawks of old as they played ragged hockey, losing 3-2 to a Detroit team that had not won a game since December 28 and was using a substitute goalie to boot. But despite their current on-and-off play, the Hawks appear convinced that they're a winner. "The way the guys feel now, they just defy anyone to beat them," says Litzenberger. "And that's the way it should be. We felt that we had a pretty good club, but it meant getting a winning complex, or rather getting rid of a losing complex." To which Lindsay adds, "There's no weaknesses on our club. Oh, we could use 20 goals a game, but you're not going to get 20 goals a game. So why even talk about it? We feel what we have is good enough. We feel our 18 fellas should make a pretty good showing in the league."

In spite of what Lindsay says, the fate of the Hawks this year depends mainly on three men—himself, Litzenberger and Sloan. Known as the "pappy line"—they average 30 years of age—they'll have to keep scoring or the Hawks will run out of gas. Chicagoans are keeping their fingers crossed. They saw the Cubs give it a go, then sag. Northwestern did the same thing. Now it's the Hawks' turn. The betting here is that they'll make it. One out of three just has to come through.

END



## Ski Tip

WILLY SCHARPFLE  
Ski Coach, University of Denver

**QUESTION:** What is the best way to use shortswing technique to keep me out of trouble when running through a series of big bumps or moguls?



### SHORTSWING THROUGH MOGULS

Approaching the uphill side of the mogul, be sure your legs are loose and relaxed so they can absorb the shock of the sudden change in terrain. To make a turn to the right as shown here, your track should be just to the left of the crown of the mogul. When you come onto the mogul (*first figure*) plant the right pole before the crown, increase your knee bend and press the ankles well forward. As you ride over the crest (*second figure*), body in the comma position, push out and down with the heels, use the right pole as well as the natural fallaway of the terrain to increase the heel push. Finishing (*below*), keep your feet together, knees pressed into the hill. Upper body should face downhill throughout the turn.

**BEST TRACK** through moguls runs to one side or other of peak on each succeeding bump, keeps skier in fall line but allows him to use edges for control on downhill side. (Skier shown in illustration is traveling portion of track above blue bar.)

Det Silverman



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LOUISE SUGGS, Sea Island, Ga.

## Tip from the Top

### Adapting your stance to your physique

**I**n my travels around the country, I have noticed that most women golfers who play 95 or above don't know how to address the ball properly. It is extremely important, for instance, to adjust one's stance to one's particular physique.

The sizable, rather buxom woman should not play the ball from the middle of her stance. She cannot get to it there. She should play the ball just back of the left instep.

Most tall women, instead of crouching by bending the knees, fall back on their heels. This throws them too far away from the ball.

Women of relatively trim proportions should play the ball between the center of the stance and the left heel. A trim woman can stand closer to the ball and get more of an upright arc to her swing than a heavier-set woman—and she should work for this. Nearly all women golfers swing too flat.

Even if you are a fairly accomplished woman golfer with a youthful figure, the only times you should think of playing the ball back of center are when you have a very bad lie and the ball has to be punched or when you have to play a very low shot with room for lots of run.



**NEXT WEEK:** Dick Mayer on positioning yourself for breaking putts

### ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

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THE NEW COACH, Don Stanton, himself a former star of Pinckneyville High Panthers, strikes a classic coaching attitude as he bends slightly forward from the waist and exhorts the players to give their best against a strong and tough opposition.

## PINCKNEYVILLE

*continued from page 42*

"What about tonight's game with Sparta?" I said.

"We'll win that," said Mr. Luke.

"If so," I said, "it just about clinches the Southwestern Egyptian title, right?"

Mr. Luke nodded.

I turned up my coat collar. "I'll see you at the game, Mr. Luke."

"See you," said Mr. Luke.

I went outside and stood on the corner, taking deep breaths in the biting cold. I looked around the square and reflected on what I now knew about Pinckneyville as a town. Its principal industry is strip coal mining, a method in which enormous shovels (big enough to swallow a five-room house in a bite) strip off the top soil and lay bare the veins of soft coal that are close to the surface throughout most of Egypt. Farming accounts for considerable income, but the fact is that Pinckneyville could use some new industries. A phonograph-record factory located there recently and provided quite a few jobs, but the new pudding factory, frankly, has been a disappointment, jobwise. It seems about 20 people can turn out as much pudding in a month as all Egypt can eat in a year.

Even so, Pinckneyville looks prosperous. The homes are neat and well

kept. Two policemen, John Siebert on the night shift and John Koerner who works days, are sufficient to maintain law and order. There is no juvenile delinquency as the big cities know it. (Of course, a couple of years ago Officer Siebert had quite an experience. Some kids lured him down to the railroad depot on a pretext while some other kids climbed to the top of the Santa Claus in the town square and placed a basketball in the giant figure's hand which was raised high in a gesture of welcome. There are two banks, two weekly newspapers (John Shely's *Democrat* in addition to Harry Stanton's *Ad-vertiser*), half a dozen churches and that many bars, one bowling alley, a lone movie house, the Capitol, open only on weekends. It's easy to see why high school basketball is the big thing in public entertainment, the subject of the endless discussions in Luke's Café and at Rose's paper store, at the lodge halls or wherever people gather.

## RUMOR OUT OF SPARTA

I got out to the gymnasium early. Mr. Luke, wearing a cap and a sports jacket, was waiting for me just inside the entrance. He motioned for me to step over in a corner of the lobby. He looked around and then spoke with the air of a conspirator.

"Fellow from Sparta dropped in

the café just after you left," he said. "He claimed that the Bulldogs were going to freeze the ball tonight and try to hamstrung our fast break."

I whistled. "Good lord," I exclaimed. "Do you believe that?"

"He wanted to bet me \$5 neither team would score 50 points," said Mr. Luke. "I told him I'd bet \$5 we won, but I wouldn't bet on the score. He backed down on that."

The gymnasium was beginning to fill up. It wasn't a sellout, but I attributed that to the cold weather and the icy highways. The boys and girls of the band filed in and took their places. Bandmaster Woodrow Maloney set up his music stand and began to leaf through the selections for the evening. Down off one of the ramps Duster Thomas, free of coaching responsibility and looking relaxed and youthful with his crew-cut gray hair, tossed a ball around with some of the grade school kids.

Mr. Luke and I found good seats. Sitting in front of us was young Dr. Gene Stotlar, the surgeon, a great Panther star of some years ago. The hand struck up a number, and to me in the happy atmosphere of people laughing and chattering in anticipation of the game the music sounded as sweet as Guy Lombardo's.

Now the pretty girl cheerleaders pranced out and Pinckneyville gave a cheer for Sparta and Sparta gave

one for Pinckneyville. Then the cheerleaders lined up under the basket where the teams would come out and, as Pinckneyville's Panthers raced out on the floor, the band played its traditional entrance music. *When the Saints Come Marching In*. The crowd roared its welcome of both teams, and Mr. Luke and I stood up and applauded. Then, as the game was about to begin, Mr. Luke and I sat down and exchanged a meaningful glance, both of us thinking of what the Sparta man had said about the Bulldogs' plan to hold the hall.

It immediately became apparent that the Sparta man had it all wrong. The Bulldogs started out to run and shoot just like Pinckneyville and horribly, it seemed to me, drew off to an early lead. I couldn't believe my eyes in view of what I had been hearing all week. I looked accusingly at Mr. Luke. "What goes?" I demanded. Mr. Luke smiled and said, "Doesn't mean a thing. Keep your shirt on."

When the half ended with Pinckneyville trailing 34-41, I decided to go down in the dressing room. I soon found out that Don Stanton was taking the situation a lot more seriously than Mr. Luke. His coat hurled into a corner, he turned on his players, his curls curled in scorn. "Call yourself basketball players?" he snarled. "You call yourself basketball players? You ought to be leading by at least 10 points right now! Don't you fellows know that this game will probably decide the conference? What's the matter with you out there? This Sparta

team is tough! Roach, everything depends on the way you defense Hayes [Hayes was high scorer for Sparta], and Margenthaler, I want you to hit those boards, you've got to get those rebounds if we're going to win!" So on and so forth.

I went back up in the stands and bought two Cokes, and when I got back to our seats I handed one to Mr. Luke. "Coach really ate 'em out down there," I said. "I don't know if it'll do any good. This Sparta bunch looks tough to me. That Hayes is hot as a pistol."

Mr. Luke upped his Coke and shook his head. "Take it easy," he said. "We're only losing by a point. Lots of times this year we've been losing at the half."

"Oh?" I said.

"Sure," said Mr. Luke. "They'll get going now."

There was a lot at stake in this second half. After all, as Mr. Luke had said, a lot of people didn't like Don Stanton's fast break. Now, if Sparta was able to stop the Panthers, fast break and all, the critics would have more reason than ever to snipe at the young coach and demand a return to Duster Thomas' style of play.

#### PANTHERS CATCH FIRE

But Mr. Luke certainly had called it. The Panthers really caught fire as the second half began. They drew away to a big lead and soon it was apparent that they were going to win by a fat margin. As the shots kept swishing through the net one after another, I looked around to see if any of the old guard who didn't like high-

scoring basketball were starting to go home. Nobody budged.

An hour later Luke's Café was a madhouse. It seemed that everybody in Pinckneyville was trying to get in. The high school athletic department (as usual) entertained the players and the cheerleaders, girls and boys sitting at opposite ends of the table in strict observance of the no-dating rule. There were cheers for the team, for Don Stanton, and then Mr. Luke got up and, pretending he was conducting an orchestra, led everybody in the Pinckneyville school song. There were cheers until everybody was hoarse.

It was near midnight when the café at last began to clear out. I sat at a table with Mr. Luke and Don Stanton and his pretty wife, June. Don had a hamburger and June had a barbecue and I took a piece of apple crush pie. Finally, we talked ourselves out, and on the street I said goodbye to the Stantons and congratulated Don again.

Back at the Friendly Haven Motel, I stopped at the office to get the key to my cabin from Everett Kelly, the proprietor.

"How did the game come out?" said Mr. Kelly.

"86-66," I said, as I started out the door.

"Who won?" asked Mr. Kelly.

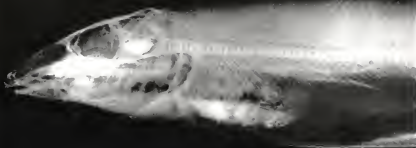
I turned around and told him. But I didn't realize until I got to my cabin that I had replied, "We did."

That's what a week's exposure to high school basketball in Pinckneyville had done to a cold, objective observer from out of town. **END**

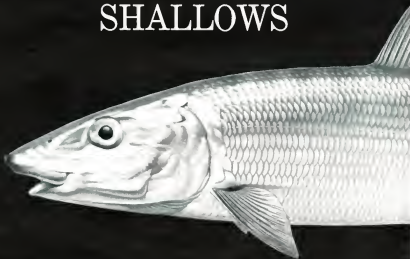
**SMALL FRY** Start whistling at an ancient array of Pinckneyville's trophies.




**THE EX-COACH** Merrill Duster Thomas, who turned out consistently strong teams over a period of almost two decades, beams as grade-school youngsters display promising ball-handling technique while waiting for big game with Sparta Bulldogs to start.




THE BONEFISH:  
GHOST OF THE  
SHALLOWS





One of the greatest fighters of the sea is shown on these pages—from the inside out. In the X-ray photograph above, his fantastic, bony structure is revealed, and the cordlike cartilage of his fins vanishes. In the painting below, his silvery armor and whiplash tail are seen as they appear to the thousands of salt-water anglers who seek him out each year in the shallows of sunlit seas. The dramatic story of the bonefish, and that of the cutt which has grown up around him, is told on the following pages



The painting below shows a bonefish from an external perspective. It is a long, slender fish with a highly detailed, silvery, scale-like armor covering its body. The most striking feature is its large, deeply forked tail, which is described in the text as a 'whiplash tail'. The fish is shown in profile, swimming towards the right. The background is dark, making the fish's silvery body stand out.

*Illustration by Jack Koss*



BONEFISH *by Burton J. Rowles*

## A FISH TO REMEMBER

by **BURTON J. ROWLES**

**I**F NAMES mean anything to ships of war, the U.S.S. *Bonefish*, which will join the Navy's submarine fleet in June, should be a real hackle-raiser, the rousingest piece of machinery ever to prowl beneath the surface of the sea. Certainly the *Bonfish* has a namesake to live up to, a fish that makes the heart of any angler turn over twice while dizzy visions flash before his eyes—and this is the time of year when any southbound salt-waterman is most susceptible to the fever. The submarine *Bonefish* weighs 1,700 tons wet and measures 219 feet with a beam of 29 feet; a bonefish of similar length would be about 34½ feet wide and would weigh 1,400 pounds. The sub is cleanly rounded with a slender conning tower; the bonefish is streamlined and steely, with a slender dorsal fin. The sub is

diesel-powered, but the bonefish is atomic—or, as some say, who have fished him in the Bahamas, he is driven by 10,000 frightened devils.

It is that kind of demonic speed, combined with power and heart, that makes the bonefish irresistible to the angler. The first run of a bonefish can start a man trembling, and every bonefish guide can cite at least one case of "bonefish paralysis," which is total inability to lift a rod and cast. The victim recalls what happened the last time he hooked a bone, and this memory spreads through his nerves like novocain.

Some of the chaos of fighting a bonefish is attributable to the fact that it feeds in salt-water shallows called flats. An eight-pound bonefish in one foot of water is the marine version of a bull in a china shop. The hooked bone can't go deep and start one of those 40-fathom tugs of war. It isn't a leaper; it is more like a war-

rior in one dimension, breadth; a warrior that leaves all its fight in the water and never grandstands in the boat. It may have enough left to flick its tail against the bottom of a skiff, but that is widely interpreted as an exhausted plea for a speedy return to the element it dignifies.

Nothing else about the bonefish is nearly as impressive as its gameness. It doesn't overwhelm anybody with its size. The all-tackle record bone is 3 feet 5½ inches long and weighs 18 pounds two ounces. It looks more odd than savage, lacking features that give the tiger shark a fighting scowl. Its scales are chromium bright, shading to greenish blue on its back. Its dorsal, tall and raked, is often blown above the surface along with the upper lobe of a broad-V tail. The head is armor-plated, evidently built to withstand abrasion from vigorous rooting on the sea bottom, which the bone performs with a pointed, hard



#### THE CAST

Floating quietly across the flats, the guide sees the spotted telltale swirl and puff of mud of feeding bonefish. As he strokes the boat, the fisherman, crouched, tense, careful, makes his cast, aiming just ahead of the fish.

"The line goes so fast it makes a ripping sound. Four hundred feet. . . The line bellies and sags . . . a 200-foot run back . . . he halts and sees you. Zang! . . . half your line . . . he circles the boat, tiring . . . seven pounds! Seemed like 50."

There is a clue to the speed and trickiness of the bonefish in its family tree, but it comes at the end, as a twist, as it does in the pursuit of the fish with rod and reel.

*Teleostei*, the super order of bony fishes, spawned the bonefish. *Isospondyli* is its order, *Atherinomorpha* its suborder, *Atherinidae* its family and *Atherina* its genus. Up to this point, the genealogy stresses general whiteness and boniness, but now it specifies: *Atherina valens*, or the white fox.

Putting fish and fox characteristics together produces a good description of the bonefish: white, bony, smaller than a wolf and noted for craftiness. It has a keen nose for bait and a sense of hearing so acute that it will shy at the rap of a rod butt against the bottom of a skiff 100 feet away. Evidently it picks up vibrations of human voices, because all bonefish guides talk softly when they are on the prowl. Its eyesight is sharp enough to keep the angler at a most respectable distance.

snout that is piglike in overlapping the low-set mouth.

The bone's diet of crabs, shrimp and mollusks is crushed between a set of paved teeth on the back of its tongue and hard ridges on its palate, then passed back to a matching set of grinders on the upper and lower throat bones. This powerful apparatus can break a brittle fishhook and bend a wiry one harsh to shank.

At one time or another, the bonefish has had—in addition to such addicts as former President Herbert Hoover, Ted Williams, Sam Snead, Benson Ford and many more—most of the top-ranking fishing "pros" on the line. John Alden Knight, Joe Brooks, Van Campen Hedner, Joe Bates, George La Branche and Zane Grey, for example, have all fought him. Such anglers are not easily impressed by a fish, but they have been impressed by the bonefish. Hedner, for one, wrote in 1937:

he hard to catch), Mexico, Puerto Rico and the Windward Islands. Its tail has been seen waving above flats of the Red Sea.

In the United States, the bonefish ranges from the Mexican border to Monterey on the California coast and from Key West to Cape Cod on the Atlantic coast. Serious bonefishing, however, is inseparable from the Florida Keys, and "hone" specialists pin it down to specific locations off the Keys and even to portions of those locations favored by some of the skilled guides. Thus bonefish may be said to congregate in the marine backyards of Harry M. Snow and Roy Lowe at Marathon, Vasa Key and range eastward to the boxes of skiffs poled by Jimmy and Frankee Alhright, Bill Smith, Rollie Hollenbeck, Dixie and Billie Knowles at Islamorada, thence northeast to the moorings of Calvin Albury and Slim Pinder at Tavernier. Northerly from Tavernier, their range extends to the Key Largo Angler's Club and a mile farther north to the Ocean Reef Club, where Pete Perdue ties his skiff and Holly Hollenbeck (brother of Rollie) holds forth as guide emeritus and dockmaster.

Of course, there are days when the bonefish evade these particular guides and range around Reggie and Jack Russell at Windley Key, or Bill Wyss and Ed Friday at North Key Largo, or around some of the other guides in the Islamorada area. But there is no real question about where the bonefish is. The real riddle is where it comes from and the strange manner of its growth.

So far as anybody knows, the bonefish spends its entire life on or near the flats, but nobody has ever seen bonefish eggs, a spawning bed or the spawning procedure. This lack of information has given rise to a theory that the bone is spawned in the southernmost Caribbean and carried north as a larva in the Gulf Stream.

Such a larva has been seen. By sheer chance, one awoke into the curious gaze of a lady member of the New York Zoological Society a few years ago while she was vacationing in the West Indies. She netted it, transferred it to a tank and watched it shrink from an eellike three and

**C**UBANS call the bonefish *morabí*, which is a Spanish adaptation of an Arawak Indian name for the fish. (Puerto Ricans call the ladyfish, or ten-pounder, a *warabí*, adding nominal confusion to mistaken identity.) Where the bonefish's other names, banana fish and sanducha, originated is anybody's guess. One guess is that sanducha should have an exclamation point after it because it is probably a profanity launched by the first Latin who hooked and lost a bonefish. Banana fish seems an insult to a battler that doesn't eat bananas, although its tapered snout may have suggested the name.

A tropical internationalist, the white fox is as wide-ranging as a modern submarine. It has been caught off Natal, South Africa and is also known to Hawaiians, Japanese, Australians and Indians. It spoons along in shallows off Bermuda and Cuba, most of the Bahamas, Costa Rica, Venezuela (where it is supposed to

continued

half inches, pure white and transparent, to about one inch. At the end of this reverse growth the tiny bone was a perfect miniature of the parent fish. Its first color was in dark blotches mixed with yellow, which changed to dusky silver. It died, however, before its rate of forward growth could be determined.

Tiny bonefish have also been caught on small baited hooks and flies, and Jimmy Albright has a mounted two-and-a-half-inch bonefish. He could sell it for \$100 an inch if he wanted to.

Professor Luis Rivas, Curator of Fishes at the University of Miami's Ichthyological Laboratory and Museum, has two young bonefish that belong, he says, to a second species of bonefish widely unknown to anglers, *Dicentrarchus*. (Dr. Henry W. Fowler of Philadelphia's Academy of Natural Sciences was the first to describe this second species, found off Santo Domingo. He wrote it up in 1910.) These fish have dorsal and anal fins and "whips" peculiar to the tarpon. Instead of the inverted black U on the white fox's snout, they have black marks that resemble mustaches. Both specimens were on a string of bait fish handed to Professor Rivas six years ago in Jamaica, where he was working on a bluefin tuna migration study.

**T**HE two chief hazards for bonefish are cold water and man, in that order. Within a few days after a bad spell of abnormally cold weather in the Keys, bonefish will school up and move out of their cold-water flats, presumably in search of warmth and safety. Mullet and mackerel netters have seen masses of numb bonefish in alien territory offshore and have sometimes mistakenly netted them for mackerel or bluefish. One such error in the '30s produced an estimated haul of 20,000 pounds of bonefish which the netters desperately tried to dump on the spot.

Guides tell of cold-stunned bonefish having been washed so close to shore that they could be picked up by the dozen. With the onset of warm weather the same fish reverted to their skittery selves.

That self is the one that attracts the bonefish angler. He gladly pays \$40 or \$45 a day in the Keys for a guide and a skiff to go hunting for the bone, and hunting is the word

for it. Of all varieties of fishing, bonefishing comes closest to being a shotgun sport, and it is particularly close to upland bird shooting.

The salt-water flat replaces the upland thicket or meadow. A plywood-hulled, 16-foot open skiff with top-sides sheered to minimize freeboard and poled along by a guide replaces

#### ABOUT THIS ARTICLE

For these invaluable aid in the preparation of this study of the bonefish, the author and the editors wish to thank Dr. Charles Lane of the University of Miami's Marine Laboratory, who overcame the difficulties of taking an X-ray picture of a bonefish; Professor Luis Rivas, Curator of Fishes at the University of Miami's Ichthyological Laboratory and Museum; Edward C. Migdalakis of the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory of Yale University; and Mrs. Francesa LaMonte, Curator of Fishes at the American Museum of Natural History.

hunting boots and leg muscles. For a shotgun, substitute a salt-water spinning rod loaded with a live shrimp hooked through the collar, or with a lead-headed hucktail, preferably yellow. The guide's sharp eyes represent a bird dog's nose.

The angler-hunter sits in a raised chair bolted to the skiff bottom while the guide stands on the foredeck. The outboard power, single or paired, that hustled the skiff to the flats is tilted up on the transom as the guide poles upwind and up-tide or cross-wind and cross-tide, or lets the skiff wander quietly in a controlled drift.

A salmon or bass fly rod may be used instead of a spinning rod, but guides in the Keys are nearly unanimous in saying that the fly rod is a handicap to an angler unless he can haul and shoot 70 to 100 feet of line, with two or three false casts at the most, and place a backtail accurately. The bonefish is a moving target, and the angler must "lead" it as the shooter leads a crossing bird. An inadequate cast will either "blush" a bonefish with excessive rod waving and splashy presentation of the lure, or he will have to be taken so close to the target that the skiff routs it.

Whatever his choice of weapons, the bonefish beginner should stay in his chair and give the guide a chance to earn his fee. By standing, he cuts

the guide's vision and reduces his own chances considerably. The guide, from his elevation at the bow, has a higher sighting angle and a longer sighting range than the seated customer, and he is paid to make the most of it.

Bonefish move onto the flats with the flood tide and drop back with the ebb, betraying their presence in two specific ways when they are on the feed. They must assume the angle of a diving submarine in order to root food on the bottom. In very shallow water this angle sends the bone's tail above water, where it flutters spasmodically, a dead giveaway.

In deeper parts of the flats the bone's vigorous plowing riles the bottom, sending up puffs of mud that slowly diffuse, staining the water smoky white. These puffs usually indicate a good-sized bonefish, because the larger fish tend to feed alone, while the small ones school up like bluefish. When a school is feeding, it converts an acre or more of crystal water to a milky way. Guides swear the bonefish is chameleonlike, appearing dark over weeds, light over patches of marl and virtually transparent between head and tail during the summer months.

**T**HE secret of spotting bones is to look with relaxed eyes, never staring, and to watch for movement in the water. Any movement should be compared with something that can't be moving. That's Pete Perdue's formula, and Pete can see a puff of mud at 150 feet that looks to his customer like a light patch on the bottom.

On two successive sun-washed days I fished with two guides out of Ocean Reef, Bill Wya in the bow and Holly Hollenbeck in the stern. The first day we drifted southward along Key Largo, bordered on the west by solid masses of mangroves and everywhere else by water. We poled along opposite a place on the Key where Sinclair Oil bored a hole 11,980 feet down in 1953, but we found no more reward than Sinclair did.

At another place, where a Spanish Main captain piled up his treasure ship in 1715, we saw a bone in three feet of water, and it saw us, and that was the end of that encounter.

Toward 4 o'clock, after lunch in the skiff, Hollenbeck caught sight of a bone in water where 13 galleons under Admiral Don Rodrigo de Torres broke up in a storm in 1733. Hollenbeck picked up a spinning rod and



nailed a shrimp into the air. It landed in the path of the bonefish, which leapt on gong. Like the admiral's treasure, it is probably still there.

Finally, opposite a pineapple plantation that Aloysius Pinder built in 1861, Wyss and Hollenbeck double-sighted a bonefish. The whispers that followed had all the tension of a grade-A Hitchcock sequence:

*Hollenbeck:* Eleven o'clock, about 60 feet. Left of the white patch.

*Wyss:* Yes, saw it, too.

Wyss eased the skiff forward about 20 feet and staked it by putting the pole through a nylon eye clamped to the bow and driving the pole deep into the soft bottom. Hollenbeck bent low like an infantryman on patrol and fired the shrimp. He left the line slack and the reel free-running.

*Hollenbeck:* He sees it.

*Wyss:* He's going for it.

*Me:* Where?

*Wyss:* He's got it.

*Hollenbeck:* I know it. Here take the rod.

*Me:* Me?

The bonefish felt the driven hook and exploded from the spot. It ran in a beeline for a long, long way, unstoppable, at a speed that forced my

mouth open. It stopped and raced back, headfirst and panicky. A shovel-nosed shark swam across the skiff's bow, and a second later my line went slack. The shark had cut it.

**B**ONEFISHING in the U.S. with rod and reel is a sport whose entire history resides in the memory of a man who, when I saw him last Christmas in his home in Islamorada, was recovering from major surgery. The man is Preston Pinder, dean of the Keys' bonefish guides, who began poing customers over the flats off Upper Matecumbe Key (now Islamorada) in 1906. His 100-pound, 4-foot-10 frame barely dented the mattress of the bed in which he lay like a slender compass needle, his white head indicating the Atlantic reefs and his blanketed feet pointing the Gulf. His face was as pale as a summer bonefish, but at 84 his memory was almost as sharp as the coral edges of Islamorada, where his Bahaman parents had settled in 1873.

"Who was your first customer, Mr. Pinder?" I asked.

"Senator Martin, from Kentucky," he answered. "He fought the Civil War, that fellow, and he was in his

late 70s when I guided for him."

That fellow was William Thompson Martin, who was born in Glasgow, Ky. and later became a Mississippi district attorney and state senator. Since he was probably the first guided bonefisherman in the United States, his successors might want to know that he was a Unionist by principle but a Confederate by action, commander of the Jeff Davis Legion that fought McClellan throughout the Peninsular campaign. Actually, he was 83 in 1906 when Pinder guided him, and he died at 86. He called bonefishing "sharpshooting," which amused Pinder, then a wiry little man of 31 with religious beliefs so stout that he refused to "fish the senator" on Sundays. Martin paid Pinder \$3 a day to guide him from sunup to sundown.

Pinder guided most of the dozen or so charter members of the Matecumbe Club, built about 1909 for bonefishermen. The old guide remembers finding fish for Irvin S. Cobb, particularly because Cobb sent him a Bible from Paducah, Ky. as soon as he got back there. Pinder lost the Bible in the devastating hurricane of

*continued*

## THE PREY

Flitting shadows on the dappled sand, a school of bonefish ghosts over the shallows. When feeding, they will root along the bottom, searching for crustaceans, prodding vigorously and sometimes waving tails and even dorsal fins above the surface like tiny flags that tell the searching angler where they can be found.



1935, and it grieves him to this day.

In the mid-'20s Harry Snow, grandson of a Cape Cod sea captain, came to the Keys as an engineer with that engineers' heartache, the Miami-to-Key West link of the Florida East Coast Railroad, which came a cropper in the '35 hurricane after a series of marine lashings. Snow recalls that the bone anglers of that period used Vom Hofe salmon reels and red-marked their nine-thread linen lines at 25-yard intervals so they could measure the runs of the fish. Snow is now 57, having guided since 1937.

Zane Grey discovered the bonefish about the same time Snow did. Grey called it "the gray ghost of the flats." He fished off Long Key, staying at the Long Key Beach Hotel which, despite its name, was another bonefish club. He and George La Branche were guided by Edmund Albury, father of the Key Largo Angler's Club guide, Calvin Albury.

Pinder confirmed another veteran guide's report that the Matecumbe Club asked for the resignation of a member who published a bonefishing article with pictures in a northern newspaper. The man was censured for "letting the cat out of the bag"; it was feared his article would bring a horde of anglers who would overrun the Keys trying the new sport.

**T**HENE stamped never came, though Zane Grey wrote headily about bonefishing and another writer predicted that it would become one of the biggest attractions in salt-water angling. The lure of bonefishing was not ready to threaten the American home and, in fact, helped to shore it up in Islamorada.

One of the Matecumbe Club members, impressed by Pinder's consistent refusal to guide on Sundays, donated \$4,000 to Pinder to build a local Sunday school. While his customers dealt the cards or tried another guide, Pinder took the Gospel to the willing and showed up Monday mornings with new resolutions.

Last year Pinder was pensioned by one of his customers who found great relief from corporation pressures in stalking bonefish and talking with Pinder as they drifted about the flats off Islamorada. He is H. Smith Richardson, who rose from a selling job to the top of Vek Chemical Company.

Bonefishing languished during the Depression of the early '30s, but it

picked up somewhat after Van Campen HOLLER included an enthusiastic chapter on it in his book, *Salt Water Fishing*. In 1949, as fishing recovered from World War II, Joe Brooks, Miami fisherman and writer, took a group of outdoor writers to the Keys to demonstrate the effectiveness of the fly rod on bonefish. The following year bonefishing began to go, building toward a boom. Today, fly casting for bones is done by a talented minority. Every seasonable winter all the guides are busy and the bone is a much-hunted fish. The respected Jimmy Albright, who began guiding in 1938, says Keys bonefishermen are increasing every year while the bonefishing is "falling off" because "there are too many boats on the flats." Like any other sport that is suspenseful, demanding of skill, concentration and devotion and thrilling in its peak moments, bonefishing is getting more popular annually. Many top guides are booked weeks in advance and some a year ahead.

The frontier of bonefishing has moved to the Bahamas and the Caribbean. There it is still possible to find this fishing as it must have been in the first years of the Matecumbe Club and as it remains in the memory of Preston Pinder. West End on Grand Bahama; Green Turtle Cay and Sandy Point on Abaco; Cat Cay; Bimini; Harbour Island, Spanish Wells and Rock Sound on Eleuthera; the Exumas; Pot Cay and Andros Town on Andros—these are the places. In Cuba the place is Isle of Pines.

Choosing by coin flips, I boarded a Bahamas Airways amphibian at Nassau and flew to Sandy Point on the southern tip of Abaco. As the Wildgeon circled for a wet landing, its wing shadow ghosted across vast bonefish flats on which nothing floated, not even a piece of driftwood.

Alfred White came to the dock to meet his customer. He is 42, the No. 1 guide out of the Sandy Point Fishing Club, civic leader, local agent of the Bahamas Airways and 16-mm.-movie exhibitor in Sandy Point, a cooperative crawfishing community of 565 colored persons and the two white persons who manage the club.

An hour later White poled his sky-blue Bahama dinghy over the beautiful salt-sea pastures of Abaco, standing in the bow in a bright orange shirt and a blue yachting cap. Beneath us in water marvelously clear, brown sea fans undulated. A barracuda flashed away from the dinghy's

shadow. A small shark grudgingly yielded the right of way.

The sky and the ocean beyond our boat had been there long before we left the dock, but slowly they became personal belongings, exclusively ours. In long silences, we took title to both of them.

"One o'clock," White said in an almost inaudible tone.

I looked at my watch, resenting time's intrusion in this loneliness of personal sea, sky and sun.

"Bone," White said. "One o'clock."

Sixty yards ahead a school of bones moved rapidly uptide, making sudden changes of course with balletlike precision. White poled up tide to head them off, and as they came closer, we saw how they rippled the surface. They were a darting patch of wind-blown grass on a great lawn of calm.

"O.K.," said White, waiting. He did not pick up a rod.

**I** stood and stripped coils of line from the reel of my salmon rod to the deck of the dinghy. The rod whipped twice, and the third cast shot a yellow hucktail across the shallows. "Pretty good," White said quietly.

Unseen by me, one of the school bones veered and picked up the hucktail, signaled the taking with a gentle tug. I struck, and the fish instantly took off on a slashing run of 300 feet, far into the hacking on the reel, whose handle was a white blur as it rotated.

The bone stopped cold, hesitated a moment and screamed off at right angles to its first run. When the fish finally came close enough to see, it looked small.

"Three pounds, maybe," White said. "There are lots more."

And there were lots more, more than 200 that day, roughly estimated, but I caught only four. Alfred White seemed sad as we drifted homeward toward water deep enough for the outboard motor. He paused now and then to net a conch from the sandy bottom for tomorrow's chowder, and I asked why he was sad.

"Just that I like to have a customer catch a lot of fish," he said.

But some customers will settle in joy for catching an impression of how bonefishing probably felt and looked in that misty time when it was virtually the secret of a dozen men in a comfortless camp in the Keys. And some will settle for what I settled for—bonefish not big but small, not many but enough, enough to think about for a long time to come. **END**

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE The readers take over

## L'AFFAIRE BRENNAN (CONT.)

Sirs:

After reading Father Hesburgh's article about the firing of Terry Brennan I gathered that Terry did not measure up to the standard of excellence of performance set by Notre Dame, but in just what respects Terry was deficient remains a mystery.

Father Hesburgh is right that a university must be dedicated to a program of academic excellence. The principal justification for college athletics can be found in the inaugural address of Charles W. Eliot in 1869 upon assuming the presidency of Harvard when he said:

Harvard College is sometimes reproached for being aristocratic. If by aristocracy be meant a stupid and pretentious caste, founded on wealth, and birth, and an affectation of European manners, no charge could be more preposterous: the College is intensely American in affection, and intensely democratic in temper. But there is an aristocracy to which the sons of Harvard have belonged, and, let us hope, will ever aspire to belong—the aristocracy which exerts in manly sports, carries off the honors and prizes of the learned professions, and bears itself with distinction in all fields of intellectual labor and combat.

What Father Hesburgh neglected to say is that in the term excellence must be included the prime objective of all education—character building. It is of little avail to have intellectual scientists, doctors, lawyers and professional men if they lack character. Likewise, the only excuse for collegiate athletics is that they assist in the program of character building.

The question most of us would like answered is not whether Terry Brennan achieved excellence on the gridiron but whether he was deficient in the building of character among the players and student body. Does the will to win overshadow the moral code which a university such as Notre Dame should at all times foster? It seems to me that Father Hesburgh has just added further confusion in a field already replete with complexities by his failure to be specific on a matter which disturbs those interested primarily in education in which a program of collegiate athletics should form a minor and not major integral part.

ROBERT N. GORMAN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Please reconcile the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh's statement, "... commitment to excellence, and the judgment that the performance would be bettered by the change," with his other statement, "A team can perform miserably and win, and a team can look magnificent in defeat. The won-and-lost record is no ultimate criterion for a reasonable and thinking man. Excellence of performance, spirit and the will to win are really central to any good sport activity..."

Didn't Terry encourage "excellence of

performance, spirit," etc. or was his won-and-lost record the ultimate criterion?

I am still confused. Was Brennan "removed" because he didn't produce "excellence of performance" or was it that he didn't win often enough?

PHILLIP H. SAVAGE

Baltimore

Sirs:

Father Hesburgh's pure logic, unemotional objectivity, precise argumentation, unassailable facts, right perspective, cool directness, unaffected honesty will put to flight those detractors of Notre Dame's academic integrity.

E. M. SKAZINSKI  
G. R. MICH

Grand Rapids

Sirs:

I am one of those who had been under the impression that Mr. Brennan was a fine, clean-cut young man with the know-how to manage a first-rate college hall club. The newspapers, in this part of the country at least, certainly have not hinted at any bad coach-player relations; nor have they suggested that morally or ethically Mr. Brennan falls short of the requirements of a good coach of young men.

Until someone at Notre Dame wades out of the close atmosphere of this situation and comes forward with a straight account, I for one will still be of the opinion that—due to pressures, of one kind or another—a real fine young coach, who was a definite credit to the profession, was unfairly railroaded out of his job. Notre Dame needs a spokesman with a little more inclination toward straight, square talk to present their side to the sports-muddled public.

KARL G. SCHMIDT

Longview, Texas

Sirs:

Excellence is tempered by justice, kindness and tolerance, or so the Bible says.

FRANK WOZYNEC

Westport, Conn.

USC-NCAA: SHAME?

Sirs:

Your enforcement of the ruling of the NCAA in the case of the USC penalty ("Feel Sorry for the Kids," SI, Jan. 19) is appalling. Though the results are less brutal, the approach of the NCAA is the same one used by the Nazis when they settled their score with the town of Lidice. The philosophy is identical.

One of the prime problems in our country is the encouragement of youth in all areas of physical fitness. It is a great shame that any group that functions without democratic processes is allowed to penalize an entire student body and discourage their whole athletic program. If there is true guilt the accused should be made to face the accused and the guilty person punished. This is a shameful situation.

I am not an alumnus of USC nor a

continued



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**16TH HOLE continued**

Californian. I'm still a New Yorker, so my deep resentment is purely that of a citizen. I shall do everything in my power to start a federal investigation of the entire NCAA setup.

PETE BARNUM

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

● Mr. Barnum first errs in likening the National Collegiate Athletic Association to a dictatorship. The NCAA is not a "czar" in the sense of baseball's Commissioner's office; it is a voluntary union of some 500 colleges for the purpose of maintaining a basic uniformity in collegiate athletics. The NCAA works through its committees, which are elected from the ranks of the colleges' representatives.

Mr. Barnum further errs in supposing that an investigation by the NCAA's Committee on Infractions is conducted in a secretive manner, unbeknownst to the college concerned, and that penalties thunder down from a blue sky. Here, summarized, is a chronology of the major steps that preceded the latest action against the University of Southern California.

On Nov. 4, 1957 USC was notified by the Committee on Infractions that a football recruiting violation had been reported to the committee and the university was asked to supply certain information. USC sent the information on Jan. 3, 1958. In May 1958 the committee reached a "tentative conclusion" that an infraction had occurred and USC was so advised.

On Sept. 12, 1958 faculty representatives from USC met with members of the Committee on Infractions in Chicago to go over the evidence and to try to convince the committeemen that the charges were unfounded. But the committee later advised the university that they still believed an infraction had occurred.

There was yet another meeting on Dec. 7, 1958. Again USC argued its case, and again, after consideration, the committee could not see its way to changing its mind.

On Jan. 7, 1959 the NCAA held its annual meeting in Cincinnati. The USC case was reported to the Council, the ruling body of the NCAA, and the Council's verdict was announced.

USC protested the verdict. The university claimed that both the Committee on Infractions and the Council had based their decision in part on two matters of evidence which were given to the university only one week before the Council met, too short a time for the university to act upon it. The NCAA Council replied that it considered the evidence "inconsequential and incidental"

# The Quiet of a Frosty Morn

**A defense of fishing's finest hours—when only a gull's cry  
or the chug of a distant motor stir the philosophic stillness**

**by ARTHUR BRAWLEY**

**T**HE other night at a cocktail party I found myself listening to a fellow named John Coleman, an impressive young man, maybe 32 or 33 years old, tall and lean and with a face obviously tanned by the cold winds of winter and the reflected rays of January sun. Coleman was not drinking, at least not right then, and he was talking about skiing. He had just got back from a week in Canada.

I listened, but to me snow is strictly for the penguins. I was about to move to another group when Coleman asked me, "Do you ski?"

"No," I said. "I fish."

"Oh? I have never understood why anyone would like to fish," he said, with a half smile, looking at his shoes and shaking his head slowly. "I guess I never had enough patience to wait for the action. Skiing is action. Skiing is using your body. Skiing is a challenge. You get a sort of spiritual satisfaction, yet it's a sensual thing."

He stopped for breath, I think pleased. I was about to start a rebuttal when my wife grasped me forcefully by the arm and said we had to go. We went.

That was a week ago. Tonight as I sit by the window and watch the snow swirl outside and listen to the wheels whirring as some poor soul tries to free his car from a snowbank, I strain to think about snow and skiing and John Coleman, but mostly I think about fishing. If there had been time that night with Coleman I would have explained my liking for fishing something like this:

First off, let me tell you what kind of a fisherman I am. I am strictly a

salt-water man. Oh, I have, in my early years, presented the fly to the allegedly wary trout. And I have fished a good many lakes of the United States and Canada for bass, pike, walleyes, pickerel, perch and panfish. For the last 10 years, however, I have concentrated solely on salt-water fish. I do most of my fishing from the shore and, except for occasional jaunts south, my fishing is confined mostly to the surf on Long Island's south shore in the summer, and in the fall to the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound.

I guess my fall trips epitomize why I fish. October on the Connecticut shore is a wondrous time of year. The beaches are deserted. The equinoctial storms have pretty well blown themselves out, and most days the water is flat calm. Along the shore behind the stony beaches the leaves on the maples and oaks are turning; far out on the water a workboat slowly chugs by—the scene is one of peace.

And, of course, in October the bait fish start their migration south along the shore. The striped bass school up and follow the bait fish.

Most fishermen swear that dawn is the best time to fish. I am not convinced this is so, but I go along with the theory because I enjoy getting up at 4:30, putting on my fishing clothes, drinking a cup of hot, bad-tasting coffee, gathering my waders, rods and knapsack and stinking out silently so as not to wake the children. I enjoy the loneliness of the hour's drive on a parkway almost empty of cars. By the time I reach the toll booth at the Connecticut line the sky has begun

to lighten and I can see the trees outlined against it. The toll collector generally says good morning to me. I have found that even the most trascible people are glad to see another human at this time of the morning.

From the parkway turnoff to the Sound is a three-mile run. I pass through a sleeping town, along a river, across an old bridge and then through the upper-middle-class sections.

This is a morning when the tide is at full ebb—the best time, I think, to start a day's fishing because it means six hours of incoming water. I park the car near a battered-down summer cottage, rig up my rod and reel and slide into my waders. In the morning light I can make out the white beach and the jetty, but looking down east on the water a shoal light still flashes brilliantly. I walk as noiseily as I can across the marsh so the black ducks that spend the night there will have plenty of warning and won't flush directly under my feet as they sometimes have. When they do, it scares the hell out of me.

A low tide is not the sweetest-smelling thing, but to me it is part of the whole scene and I don't mind it. My waders slurp in the mud as I cross the bar to the 100-foot-square clump of grass that becomes an island at half tide. At high tide the bar carries five feet of water.

When I reach the eastern point of the island I rig up with a metal jig and a sliver of pork rind and start to fish. I use a very light two-handed spinning rod with eight-pound line for this Connecticut striped fishing. The fish average about four pounds.

I work around the east point and then wade across the sandy bottom to a rocky point about 50 yards north, fishing as I go. For a half hour there is no sign of action. The sun is

*continued*



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**QUIET MORN** *continued*

up now. I put my sunglasses on and start back toward the island. Half way there, I see the first fish. I just a swirl in the calm water about 50 yards out. The gulls have seen him too, for six of them come from nowhere and start circling with shrill cries waiting impatiently for the bass to drive the bait to the surface. Suddenly there are two swirls, then three more, then a dozen, and the bait fish ekitter over the water and the birds dive. I cast as far as I can but can't reach the fish. I fish for another two hours with not a strike. I start back to the car. On the way I find three large oysters washed up from their bed. I open and eat them—a better breakfast by far than ham and eggs.

In the car there's a sip of coffee and then the country road along the shore, rolling with sharp turns, and the sturdy, weatherbeaten old houses along the way. About three miles east I stop again at a small deserted beach and walk along under walls marked "private" that ring the water around the sweeping half-mile curve that leads to the rocky point where I am headed. The tide is half in. I am now going to the place where I will catch some fish. When I reach the point I am certain. The gulls are diving around me, and fish are breaking not 15 feet from shore. I have a strike on the first cast. It is a small fish, about two pounds, but within the 16-inch limit. I keep it and catch three more on successive casts—two four-pounders and one too small to keep. Then, as suddenly as the fish started biting, they stop, and I stop fishing. I wade out of the water and walk across the beach and up a slight rise to an old apple orchard. I sit down, lean against a tired tree and watch the water as I crunch an apple.

Far out a large raft of ducks moves spasmodically. First a group at one end will rise and fly a few hundred feet, then in a moment of panic the entire raft will leave the water and fly a quarter of a mile. They look like bluebills.

I keep watching the ducks as I trek back to the car with my three fish hanging from the stringer and bumping my leg on each step.

It is 11 o'clock when I start the drive home. There will be a good meal tonight—broiled or poached striped bass—with two drinks to start it off. Maybe three drinks; one to you, John.

**END**

compared to the body of evidence available to the committee and to the university during the past 14 months.

And there it stands: the verdict was reached in an equitable manner. As to the punishment: Mr. Barnum's argument that "the guilty person" should be punished is untenable. The NCAA cannot punish individuals since it is not an association of individuals but of institutions.—ED.

#### HELPS

Sir—

Along with thousands of other baseball fans I am horrified and outraged by the announcement, "No National League TV in New York in 1929" (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Dec. 22). Is there no way that the high-handed maneuvers of the Yankee organization can be halted? If they fear further decreases in attendance at their games, why do they not curtail selecting their own home games, as many sports do? They should at least have enough sense of sportsmanlike fair play to admit there are baseball teams other than the American League. And if, in answer to this, they mention the competition within their own league I can only say, "Oh, yes!" Americans do not like one-party dictatorship, and we cannot believe that the Baseball Commissioner will countenance such policies.

Are we to hear next that the Yankees will not even allow continuation of the reconstructed radio broadcasts of Giant games?

Can you not help the multitudes of National League fans to be heard?

ROSALINDA JONES

New York City

#### MENTAL NOTE

Sir—

Mentally I am constantly writing letters but seldom do I get down to business. This time here goes. I enjoyed the article about Stanwood Murphy's ranch in Nevada. *Midwinter Hunt*, St. Jan. 19; but he doesn't have the largest herd of Santa Gertrudis west of Texas. Harrigan of Phoenix has a ranch in Patagonia, Arizona with 300 or more head of Santa Gertrudis. We visited Harrigan's ranch in the fall and because well educated on Santa Gertrudis, and it is a fascinating business.

Also, that was a fine piece of double-talk Father Heshburgh gave.

MARY ELIZABETH REMPPE

Phoenix, Ariz.

#### HOCKEY: THE RUSSIANS

Sir—

I read with interest Robert H. Boyle's article, *Red Tennis Court, Ice and Caviar* (St. Jan. 12).

As a transplanted Canadian who devoted 13 years to playing and coaching our national game, I compliment him on the thoroughness of the article but must take exception to American Referee Bill Riley's statement: "They're very conscious of the advance they've made. They've done in 10 years what Canada did in 100."

eastward



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10TH HOLE continued

It would be most inappropriate for a Canadian to tell an American that the Japanese have done in baseball in the last 10 years what it took Americans 100 years to do. Let's face the fact that Russian hockey players—who have made tremendous strides in this exciting game

are out-and-out subsidized professionals devoting all of their time on a dedicated basis to the game of hockey for national prestige and worldwide propaganda purposes.

They also enjoy the protection of the restrictive European rules, which any 16-year-old Canadian hockey player can tell you are so badly outmoded that they take all the fun out of the game.

I am not an advocate of blood-and-thunder hockey. But I will venture to state that a reasonably selective group of 12 senior amateur Canadian hockey players, with government grants and blessings and full-time devotion to their game, following the same plan as the Russians now have and playing under the rules with which they are most familiar, would beat the far-out of any hockey team Russia could create within the next 100 years.

It is a fact that for the most part the hockey teams Canadians have sent into world competitions in the last five or six years could be compared more properly to a good Double-A or Triple-A professional baseball team in United States jargon. If a National Hockey League team were to play the Russians I shudder to think of the consequences.

GAYNOR SWIFT

Whippany, N.J.

Sire:

"They've done in 10 years what Canada did in 100!" sounds impressive until you analyze it. The Russian team which is currently touring the U.S. is substantially the same team which represented the Soviet Union in the world championship tourney last year. And this same team will be Russia's official entry again this year.

The team which will represent Canada this year has only one holder from the Whirly Dunslops, last year's champions. In fact, possibly 10 teams of the caliber of the Dunslops or Belleville McFarlands, this year's representatives, could be rounded up in Canada, but the big difficulty is to get these players released from their regular teams, which might be fighting for a league championship, or because a likely prospect is unable to leave his job.

The Russian record, with their 200-million population against our 17 million, their cold winters and state-support, does not seem too suggestive. Mr. Bock's summation, *de Refuse-Rites*, sounds, while attractive as a catch phrase, does not bear close scrutiny.

HOMER J. BRECK

Val d'Or, Que.

GOREN: IMPS

Sire:

As a constant reader of Charles Goren's column I believe I am entitled to ask a question which has plagued me since



reading his article in the September 29 issue.

The hand illustrated was the first-round match of Italy against France where neither side was vulnerable with West dealer. Green stated that against Bolandona and Avarelli, France got to a slam bid of six hearts. The hand was:

NORTH ♠ 5 ♥ K J 6 5 3 2 ♦ K 10  
 3 K ♠ 7  
 WEST ♠ A Q J 3 2 ♥ K ♦ 1 ♠ J 10  
 3 K 6 2  
 EAST ♠ K 10 8 7 ♥ 10 4 ♦ J 6 5 3  
 ♠ Q 3 3  
 SOUTH ♠ 9 6 1 ♥ A Q 9 7 ♦ A Q 7 2  
 ♠ A 4

My question is: If this is a championship match, why in the world didn't anyone bid six spades? East-West for a defense of down three? Even vulnerable doubled against a nonvulnerable North-South, it would be a fine defensive bid.

And if they didn't do it, why didn't Green point it out? It seems to me that for us second-rate palookas to really learn this game, the most important features should be the alternate possibilities.

GERALD W. UNGER

Los Angeles

♦ European team championships are scored in International Match Points, a method which magnifies small swings and minimizes large ones. Down three, not vulnerable—a loss of 500 points—would cost six IMPs. A non-vulnerable slam, worth 980 if made, costs only seven IMPs.

This gulf isn't always as wide as it seems. The six IMP score is awarded for a range between 500 and 750; seven IMPs for a range from 750 to 980. Nevertheless, it is obviously unsound to concede six IMPs when the opponents can gain only seven if they make their contract and might pay you one if they were set.—ED.

#### VIOLENCE ON FIELD AND COURT

Sir:

I would like to register a strong protest against the continual changing of the rules of college football and basketball. There was a time when the average fan in the stands could explain the games to his wife with reasonable assurance. But now even the ardent follower needs a computer to keep track of the number of fads, number of times and when a man has been in the game and what constitutes an illegal play, if he expects to keep abreast of the action. It is one thing to encourage spectator interest, but it is quite another to cause confusion, spend money needlessly to change equipment and eradicate vestiges of games that bring back so many memories to the people who, after all, popularized them.

The trigger-happy pundits of the NCAA rules committees might stop to consider that their primary duty is to preserve the games, not to camouflage them beyond recognition. They might look to tennis and ice hockey, both of which are enjoying tremendous growth without violent rule change.

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## Pat on the Back

David Randolph



**HAROLD FARR**

### *'Just for the fun of it'*

A New England farmer, as everyone knows, should be a taciturn, flinty character who makes a bare living scratching out rocks to build into fences to keep out his neighbors. The picture above is therefore remarkable because it shows a large group of neighboring youngsters and their parents raising a loud hurrah for Vermont Dairy Farmer Harold Farr. Farmer Farr, wearing a large grin and a warm sheepskin jacket, is sitting on the tractor that furnishes the power for the tow rope of Harold Farr's Ski Hill established only four years after the first ski tow was introduced to the U.S. Farr has been running a ski hill on his Randolph, Vt. farm for 21 years

—free to all comers. The comers are mostly children, hundreds of whom show up on a snowy weekend. For beginners Farr carefully slows down the tow, and for the serious-minded he arranges for lessons from adult volunteers. As often as not, the parents who accompany the smaller children themselves learned to ski on Farr's hill. All this is just dandy with Farr, because his only interest in spending freezing-cold weekends sitting on his tractor is to encourage children to ski and to keep a careful eye on them. "I do it for the fun of it," says Farr, who himself does not ski. "I believe I should give more than I receive, especially where children are concerned."

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